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The Literary Week.

THE harvest has been abundant. A study of the lists shows that we have received 115 new books and reprints during the week. The number of brand new novels published in the seven days was 26. We select the following books, very dissimilar in scope and treatment, as worthy of particular consideration:—

LIFE AND LETTERS of JAMES MARTINEAU. By James Drummond and C. B. Upton.

RELIGION AS A CREDIBLE DOCTRINE. By W. H. MALLOCK.
ROCHESTER AND OTHER LITERARY RAKES. By the author
of THE LIFE OF SIR KENELM DIGBY.

OF THE LIFE OF SIR KENELM DIGBY.
WILLIAM HOGARTH. By Austin Dobson and Sir W.
Armstrong.

THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE. By Justin McCarthy.

THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE. By Justin McCarthy.
SUCCESS. By H. B. Cunningham Graham.

SUCCESS. By H. B. Cunningham Graham.
ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BOOK OF JOB. Invented and
engraved by William Blake.

engraved by William Blake.
RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS. By Charles H. E. Brookfield.

MR. DRUMMOND, who is responsible for the biographical portion of Dr. Martineau's life, is Principal of Manchester College, Oxford. Mr. Upton is Professor of Philosophy in the same place. A portion of the narrative is auto-biographical. This is the biographical memoranda that Dr. Martineau wrote for a former memoir, and appears here in its original form. Those who knew Dr. Martineau, sat under him, followed his thought, held him always before them as the example of a fine mind living a life in complete concord with the beauty of his thoughts, will entirely subscribe to this passage from Mr. Drummond's preface : "The name of James Martineau has been with me a household word since my childhood. The spiritual character of his thought fascinated me at an early period; and when I became his pupil, I admired and revered him with all the ardour of opening manhood. And if, yielding to his own lessons of independent judgment, I have been unable to follow him in all his conclusions, or if in my descriptions I have endeavoured to suppress all personal feeling, this cannot alter the reverence, gratitude, and love with which he must ever dwell in my memory."

MR. MALLOCK calls his volume a study of the fundamental difficulty. He sets out to deal with the question how far that theory of life which is associated with the name of religion is a theory to which, under existing conditions of knowledge, a reasonable man can give assent.—The anonymous author of the book about Literary Rakes remarks that in a study of the literary aspects of their rakishness, it will be necessary to enter some unsavoury places, and to mix among some questionable companions. Those who fear either are advised to accept this warning, and bid him farewell at the threshold. But they won't.—Mr. Charles Brookfield states that everything in his book of reminiscences is, to the best of his belief, absolutely true. "For personal and other reasons I have omitted nine-tenths of what I remember"—Mr. Austin Dobson's Hogarth with an introduction on the artist's workmanship by Sir Walter Armstrong is the largest, handsomest, and best illustrated volume we have received this year.—Mr. Cunningham Graham's book is neither large nor handsome. Our copy had paper covers. But it is a good book. We review it this week.

SIR GILBERT PARKER has the place of honour in the *North American Review* with a paper called "Mr. Balfour and His Opportunities." Fortunately we are able to ignore politics in THE ACADEMY. So pass Mr. Balfour and his opportunities. But may we, with profuse apologies, tell a story that is "going the rounds." It comes, we understand, from the lips of a gentleman connected at many points with the world of letters who, in his few moments of convivial leisure, has added to the gaiety of literary London. "Sometimes," he was heard to say, "sometimes in the middle of the night I awake. It may be two, it may be three o'clock. Everything is very still; the world is asleep. But leaning on my elbow I listen, and in the darkness I hear Sir Gilbert Parker climbing—climbing—climbing."

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER, one of the most spirited of the irregular horsemen of journalistic literature, has not been very active of late. We understand that he has been giving all his thought and leisure to the composition of a learned article called "Was Shakespeare a Volunteer?"

25 October, 1902.

A REPRESENTATIVE of the ACADEMY writes : The other day, as I was passing along Hanover Street, W., my eye was caught by a window across whose leaded front appeared the words "Book Lovers' Library." With some diffidence I opened a white door and passed at once into an atmosphere which suggested repose. The room in which I found myself had green canvas on the walls; above the canvas ran a deep frieze in delicate and well-matched colours, and over the door through which I had entered was an apt quotation from Milton. Here, I thought, was a room in which one might very well write distinguished prose. But my business was not to write, but to make enquiries; so I gathered what definite particulars I could concerning this English branch of a book-distributing concern which has reached such enormous proportions in America. The ACADEMY has already given some facts concerning it, but the following additional information may be of interest.

In about a week or ten days the Book Lovers' Library will have started business. The association does not compete with public libraries, nor is it anticipated that it will largely compete with our established circulating libraries. It appeals to people who want new books as soon as they are issued, and are prepared to pay for the privilege. The lowest subscription is to be about a guinea and a half per annum; this will entitle the subscriber to borrow one book a week. Any book on the association's list will be supplied at once, and all books of any value will be included in the list. The English lists it is proposed at present to issue once a month; in America they are issued twice a month. These lists give an explanatory, not a critical, note on each book for the guidance of subscribers, and each book is sent out in a strong cardboard case; also each book has the association's book plate pasted inside the cover. The protecting cardboard case is a good idea; it preserves the book, and may teach careless readers to respect the printed word. No book will be sent out in bad condition. When it becomes soiled it is either cleaned and rebound or sent to the mills to make more paper.

THE Tabard Inn Library, another venture of the same association, is arranged on more popular lines. The ACADEMY has already explained how it proposes to place in suitable shops cases containing selected books. The majority of these will of necessity be new novels, but a fair proportion of standard works will be included. A fee of half-a-guinea will procure a perpetual membership ticket, and exchanges of books may be made as often as the subscriber pleases. With each exchange a ticket has to be bought. A single exchange will cost threepence, but by buying a number of tickets the exchange fee is reduced to twopence. As with the Book Lovers' Library, each book is enclosed in a cardboard case, and care is taken always to have the volumes in good condition. Books may be taken from the Tabard Inn shelves in one town and left on those in any other town. This week fifty experimental cases are to be started in London, and soon the provinces are to be invited to test the new scheme. I came away with the impression that the thing was going to be a success. Certainly the plan has many interesting and hopeful features, not the least being that the association proposes as far as possible to provide the best books. If people want rubbish they may have it, but they will not be encouraged in their doubtful taste.

An appreciation of Lord Acton is contributed to the current *English Historical Review* by its editor, Mr. Reginald Poole. Mr. Poole justly refers to Lord Acton as "the last of a generation of great historians," great in spite of the fact that he never wrote a book. Indeed,

until he was sixty, he never delivered a lecture, and then as Professor of Modern History at Cambridge he began to exercise a remarkable and enduring influence. He could not and would not dissociate history and religion: "the first of human concerns," he declared, "is religion, and it is the salient feature of the modern centuries." He went to Cambridge at a time when there was some danger of modern history being treated too exclusively from standpoints of philosophy and politics. But he broke no tradition; he merely controlled the tendency by insisting on exact knowledge touching both broad issues and narrow details. Mr. Poole concludes his interesting tribute thus :

No attempt to indicate, however faintly, the characteristics of Lord Acton's work could omit to refer to his courageous decision to pass at the age of sixty from speculation to practice, and to allow one circle of students to know something of the plenitude of his powers.

THE library of the late Lord Acton, which passed by bequest into the hands of Mr. John Morley, has been presented by him to the University of Cambridge. In his letter to the Duke of Devonshire, Chancellor of the University, making offer of the gift, Mr. Morley displays that balanced style and scholarly appreciation which make his writing always strong and distinguished. Speaking of the library he says: "For some time I played with the fancy of retaining it for my own use and delectation. But I am not covetous of splendid possessions; life is very short; and such a collection is fitter for a public and undying institution than for any private individual." The only condition which Mr. Morley imposes on the acceptance of the gift is that the sixty to seventy thousand volumes which constitute the library should be kept intact and apart from other collections. Of the books themselves he says:

The very sight of this vast and ordered array in all departments, tongues, and times, of the history of civilized governments, the growth of faiths and institutions, the fluctuating movements of human thought, all the struggles of churches and creeds, the diverse types of great civil and ecclesiastical governors, the diverse ideals of States—all this will be to the ardent scholar a powerful stimulus to thought.

In a letter almost amusingly curt and business-like compared with Mr. Morley's scholarly enthusiasm, the Duke accepted the gift.

To open the Centenary Number of the *Edinburgh Review* is to feel the stir of old dead controversies. There was never more than an air of infallibility about the *Edinburgh*, but it was an air astonishingly well maintained by its early editors and contributors. They were never in doubt either on political or literary questions, but they were not seldom wrong. Jeffrey as a critic made grave mistakes, as any critic may; it was his cocksureness that put an added sting into his attacks. There was an equal assurance about Macaulay, but he made more certain of his quarry. The proprietors of the *Edinburgh* were pronounced Whigs, and for the first six years of its existence its contributors were Whigs. But Sir Walter Scott was an exception, although his contributions, mainly literary and antiquarian, did not touch on political matters. It is interesting to recall the fact that Scott in 1807 endeavoured to persuade Southey to become an *Edinburgh* reviewer, but his violent Toryism, added to the memory of Jeffrey's criticism of his work, caused him to decline. In the following year Scott seceded, having himself fallen a victim to Jeffrey's slashing critical methods. But all this is matter of ancient history: the *Edinburgh* flourished, and continues, though in a less pugnacious manner, to prosper. Its history is largely and honourably bound up with the literature and politics of the nineteenth century.

WE print in our correspondence columns a plea for cheery books in fiction. The *Quarterly* this month has an article on "The Novel of Misery," in which are discussed the meaning and tendencies of certain novels both in French and English literature. The writer is in the main just in his criticism, though we think he hardly appreciates the attitude of Mr. George Gissing. Nor do we quite agree with his conclusion that the novel of misery "was purely commercial in its origin, and like most commercial undertakings, it was discontinued so soon as it was discovered that it did not pay." Our impression is that it has by no means been discontinued. The following is the list of books which the *Quarterly* article places under the heading "Novels of Misery":—

Nell Horn; Le Termite; L'Impérieuse Bonté; La Charpente.
By J. H. Rosny.
Workers in the Dawn; The Unclassed; Demos; The Nether World. By George Gissing.
The Record of Badalia Herodsefoot (in Many Inventions). By Rudyard Kipling.
Tales of Mean Streets; A Child of the Jago. By Arthur Morrison.
Liza of Lambeth. By William Somerset Maugham.
East-End Idylls. By A. St. John Adcock.
Mord Em'y. By W. Pett Ridge.
Maggie: a Child of the Street. By Stephen Crane.
Out of Mulberry Street. By Jacob August Riis.

THE extracts from the letter of an officer serving with the Somaliland Expedition which have appeared during the week illustrate once more the effectiveness of absolute simplicity. The following passage is packed with suggestion: it stirs the imagination as none but the very best descriptive writing could do:—

Have you heard from "Tippy"? He was one of us thirty-three who escaped, and said he was going to send you details. By Jove! That was a pretty affair. We whites stood out, but—oh, well—we have too many blacks.

So far we had written when we learnt that this letter (which had also been sent to us by three correspondents, as a specimen of the descriptive power of the unprofessional writer) was a hoax, written by a "humorous barrister" who wanted to take "a rise out of the *Daily News*." This "humorous barrister" who caught more fish than he angled for, has mistaken his vocation.

ABOUT two years ago we printed an article entitled "In Search of the Apocrypha." It described the difficulties of a man who particularly wanted a copy of the Apocrypha, but could not find one. He searched for weeks and at last was promised a copy. "I am expecting it now," he wrote, "by every post. I had begun to suspect that the Apocrypha itself was apocryphal." We can hardly suppose that a scrutiny of our back numbers has influenced Messrs. Dent, but we are glad to see that they are to issue a "Temple Apocrypha," uniform with their "Temple Bible."

THE publication of a new and revised edition of *Supernatural Religion* has revived interest in the authorship of the book. There has hitherto been some doubt as to the authorship, in some quarters at any rate; but "C. K. S." of the *Sphere* has no doubt at all. He tells us that the writer is Mr. Walter Richard Cassels, and he recalls the sensation which the book produced on its first publication in 1874, a sensation rather, perhaps, ecclesiastical than popular. Bishop Lightfoot's reply to the book produced a counter-reply from the author, and many lesser divines had their say concerning it.

THE *Oxford Point of View* prints an article on "Oxford as a School of Journalism," by Mr. Keble Howard. Mr. Howard is not encouraging to the journalistic aspirants of his old university. Oxford, he says, means nothing in journalism; it is experience that counts. Perhaps Oxford needed Mr. Howard's advice, although it seems almost superfluous. At any rate the editor of the *Oxford Point of View* is duly grateful, for he adds this note to Mr. Howard's very practical statement:—

We are sure that Mr. Keble Howard's remarks will be of the greatest value to any readers of this magazine who intend to take up journalism, as it is evident that he has passed through the fiery ordeal not only unscathed but even with distinction, since he is now editor of that universally read illustrated journal the *Sketch*.

O happy hero-worshipping young Editor whose "fiery ordeal is yet to come!"

WHAT should be done with the houses associated with the names of our great men? The question has been answered satisfactorily in regard to Carlyle's birth-place; it has not been answered so satisfactorily as we could have wished in regard to Lord Leighton's house, but Time is on the side of the living. The proposition to purchase Gilbert White's house at Selborne has been very well received, but the sum required, over £8,000, is comparatively large, and a suggestion has been made that the place, when secured, should be rendered self-supporting. As there is more space available than would be required for a museum or any such definite memorial of White, it is proposed to turn the remaining rooms to the purposes of a boarding-house under the control of a competent manager. The idea is ingenious, and there seems no reason why it should not work out well, though some sort of selective principle would have to be employed to secure suitable guests. Is the membership of the Selborne Society sufficiently large to ensure a paying clientèle for the boarding-house plan? Or only subscribers to the purchase-fund, or such guests as they might recommend, might be admitted to the shelter of Gilbert White's old roof.

A CORRESPONDENT, apropos of our review of Mrs. Praed's *My Australian Girlhood*, wishes to know what a bunyip is. Our correspondent, whose youth was spent in the bush, had a horror of the bunyip, but never saw one, nor did he ever meet anyone who had any personal acquaintance with the creature. He once saw a dead one for sale in Sydney Market, but it was puny and unconvincing. We cannot hope to satisfy our correspondent, nor can we give him very exact information. Legend deposits the bunyip in watery places, and it has been described as an unseen horror whose voice sends him who hears it mad. To come to practical records, the old chief Morpor related (v. Dawson's *Australian Aborigines*) that a bunyip once took a man into its mouth and devoured his entrails. This certainly suggests size, and confirms Mrs. Praed's story of a bunyip, which was described as "an immense slimy creature with a calf-like head and the body of a great serpent." Concerning this curious animal we can say no more.

WE respect the enthusiasm of Mr. Daniel Rees, who, as an apostle of the Welsh literary movement, is making a complete translation into Welsh of Dante's *Divina Commedia*. But we doubt the value of Mr. Rees's industry as more than a literary exercise, and it is terrible to think of Dante as a text-book for teaching young Wales how to translate into English.

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THE three and a half columns of advance extracts from Mr. Kruger's *Memoirs* printed by the *Times* this week read rather like passages from an unsophisticated adventure book. One is mainly impressed by the author's egotism: he never doubts either his capacity or his luck. Speaking of the attack on Secheli's town he says: "On Monday morning the attack began. I, as usual, was among the foremost and brought down several Kaffirs with my four-pounder, which I had loaded with big shot.

My life was once more in danger during this fight. A bullet fired by the enemy out of an enormous musket hit me in the chest and cut my jacket open." There is some interesting matter concerning the Civil War of 1861-4, but not much of importance touching the relations of South Africa with England. A promised subsequent series of extracts will bring us nearer to Mr. Kruger's more important period.

LORD KITCHENER is reported to have said in Rome the other day that every good Englishman has two countries—old England and young Italy. In that, the soldier and the poet agree, with this difference, that it was of old Italy that Browning wrote:—

Open my heart and you shall see
Graved inside of it, "Italy."
Such lovers old are I and she:
So it always was, so shall ever be!

Bibliographical.

In the first edition of FitzGerald's *Omar* (1859), a certain famous stanza was thus printed:—

Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
And Wilderness is Paradise enow.

In the second edition (1868), the first line of the stanza was altered to—

Here with a little Bread beneath the Bough,
and the fourth line to—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

In the third and fourth editions (1872 and 1879) the stanza ran—

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

Mr. G. K. Chesterton must have got a little "mixed" among all these variations, for I find him quoting the stanza in his new book, *Twelve Types*, as follows:—

A book of verse beneath the bough
A loaf of bread, a jug of wine and thou
Sitting beside me in the wilderness
Oh, wilderness were Paradise enow.

In making the lady "sit" beside the poet, instead of "singing," Mr. Chesterton (I gather, for I am no expert in Persian) goes nearer to *Omar* than FitzGerald does; otherwise, his version is hardly to be commended. The punctuation is wholly his.

Miss Henriette Corkran, who is about to give us her reminiscences of the notable people she has known, must not be confounded with Miss Alice Corkran, whose literary output has been fairly large. Miss Henriette, on the other hand, appears to have published nothing hitherto (under her own name) save a little sixpenny story called *The Black Cross Mystery*, brought out in 1886. In the same way, I am not aware that Miss Emilia Russell Gurney, whose *Letters*, edited by her niece, are to be published shortly, has come before the reading public otherwise than as the annotator of the volume, issued in

1893, entitled *Dante's Pilgrim's Progress: Passage of the Blessed Soul from the Slavery of the Present Corruption to the Liberty of Eternal Glory*.

All well-read people are acquainted with the books published by the new Canon of Westminster, Mr. Beeching; but some may like to have a chronological list of them for reference purposes. Putting aside the volumes of verse in which he has collaborated and those which he has edited, we have: *Prosody of "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes"* (1889), *Faith: Eleven Sermons* (1892), *A Paradise of English Poetry, selected* (1892, 1897 and 1899), *Seven Sermons to Schoolboys* (1894), *In a Garden and other Poems* (1895), *Lyra Sacra: Religious Verse Selected* (1895), *St. Augustine at Ostia: Oxford Sacred Poem* (1896), *A Book of Christmas Verse, selected* (1897 and 1898), *Pages from a Private Diary* (1898), *Conferences on Books and Men* (1900), *Lectures Introductory to the Study of Poetry* (1901), *Lyra Apostolica, selected* (1901), *Inns of Court Sermons* (1901), and *Religio Laici* (1902).

The issue by Messrs. Newnes of what appears to be a faithful reprint of Lodge's *Rosalynde*, with the original spelling preserved, reminds me that a reprint of the same tale was one of the late Henry Morley's enterprises in the cheap "National Library" which he edited for Messrs. Cassell. The format of the Morley edition was, however, mean compared with that of Messrs. Newnes; and the edition which is to be issued by the De la More Press will also, in all probability, be much more tasteful in externals than the "National." At the same time, the "National Library" did an excellent work in its day, the editor exhibiting an intelligent catholicity in his selection of works for reproduction.

The Woman in White, which Messrs. Chatto are to include in their "St. Martin's Library," was issued by them in 1896 in one volume, along with *The Moonstone*. They had brought it out separately in 1894. It has always been one of the most popular of Collins's stories.

Mr. Vernon Blackburn, the well-known musical critic, is to write the "authorized" biography of Sir Arthur Sullivan. The news is pleasing, for Mr. Blackburn is sure to do the thing well. He knows the subject, and he can write. We already possess, however, a Life of Sullivan which has some pretensions to authority—namely, that by Mr. Arthur Lawrence, which had the composer's direct assistance in the way of letters, diaries, and so forth. No doubt Mr. Blackburn will give us something altogether better than this, for Mr. Lawrence, I think, does not profess to speak *ex cathedra* on matters musical.

One would be glad to have further particulars of the book about R. Hurrell Frowde of which one sees the bare announcement. The *Remains* of R. H. Frowde, edited by J. H. Newman and John Keble, came out in 1838-9, and ran to four volumes. Frowde had contributed to *Tracts for the Times* in 1834, and to *Lyra Apostolica* in 1836. There is room, perhaps, for a monograph which should put into a small space all that was really significant in Frowde's life and work. He was in many respects an interesting man.

Monsieur Beaucaire, the story by Mr. Booth Tarkington on which the new Adelphi drama has been founded, was published in this country, last year, by Mr. Murray. Some copies, however, of an American edition appear to have reached England in the preceding year. Then the price was six shillings; Mr. Murray, I think, made it half-a-crown.

The new set of reproductions of Blake's illustrations of the Book of Job will be welcomed by very many. There has been, I believe, no reproduction of these drawings since that of 1875, when they were published in folio with descriptive letterpress by C. E. Norton.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Browning Re-considered.

The Poetry of Robert Browning. By Stopford A. Brooke. (Ibsiter. 10s. 6d.)

MR. STOPFORD BROOKE has given us a very careful and full analysis of Browning's vast body of work. Opening with the inevitable parallel between Browning and Tennyson, he studies in detail and in successive chapters his handling of nature, his theory of life, his treatment of the passions, his poetry of art, his dramas, and so forth, illustrating each by elaborate investigation of the leading poems or divisions of poems. Far too full to be followed in detail, we may say in general that his study is sympathetic, intelligent, and affectionate. It is an excellent introduction to Browning. The chief fault is an excessive diffuseness; the matter could have been put adequately in almost half the space. Too fond he is, also, of not very original and very expansive imagery.

Mr. Stopford Brooke begins his study of the poet (after the first chapter on Browning compared with Tennyson) by considering Browning's treatment of Nature. It is characteristic of the modern mind that he should do so. Nature—meaning thereby the external universe—has for the present day a preponderating poetic importance which is to our thinking quite undue, which in the great poets recedes before the supreme interest of man. Browning, in this matter, was at one with the great poets rather than with his own day. Nature is to him a background—a sentient and significant background—for the drama of humanity. His touch in natural description is very peculiar, and quite his own. It has nothing of the finished beauty we expect from such poetry, it has all the rough, off-hand, impatient manner of his other work. Yet it is often beautiful in a high degree, and always strong, individual, selective, seizing the pith of what is described, having the beauty of perfect justness. He drives in the apt word with one sinewy stroke. With all this, his average description, admirable though it be, misses the magic of Wordsworth at his best, of Shelley or Tennyson, and the great poets in general; it is a purely graphic charm. For instance:—

That crimson the creeper's leaf across
Like a splash of blood, intense, abrupt,
O'er a shield else gold from rim to boss,
And lay it for show on the fairy-cupped
Elf-needed mat of moss,
By the rose-fleshed mushrooms, half-divulged
Last evening—nay, in to-day's first dew
Yon sudden coral nipple bulged,
Where a freaked, fawn-coloured, flaky crew
Of toadstools peep indulged.

It strikes you with deserved admiration; it has fancy, the words are precise and fresh; it could have but one thing more—the enchantment which Shelley (for example) would have given it, but which it has not; the sense of something miraculous and spiritual within the language. Perhaps in that word "spiritual" we have touched the matter: lofty and noble Browning could be, but that elusive thing we call spirituality was not in him, or at least he touched it but rarely. There was too much of Martha about him that he should have much of Mary: he was emphatically busy about many things, and it reacted injuriously even on such a matter as his description of Nature. But now and again his descriptions captured this magical quality also. Mr. Stopford Brooke quotes some:—

Mincio, in its place,
Laughed, a broad water, in next morning's face,
And, where the mists broke up immense and white
I' the steady wind, burned like a spilth of light
Out of the crashing of a million stars.

This is fine; but better still, because more condensed, is the sunset over autumnal wood in "Sordello":—

A last remains of sunset dimly burned
O'er the far forests, like a torch-flame turned
By the wind back upon its bearer's hand
In one long flare of crimson; as a brand
The woods beneath lay black.

It is splendid; the very spirit of the scene, the hour, and the season, thrills to the reader's heart. The magic quality, too, is in that passage of "James Lee's Wife," beginning:—

O good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth
This autumn morning!

For magic, as that passage exhibits, may lie in strength as well as in beauty. Still, for this inward quality of descriptive power one has to go far afield in Browning.

Mr. Brooke dwells on the fact that Browning did not, like Tennyson, invent description; that he described from actual observation only. It is true, though perhaps Tennyson invented less than Mr. Brooke imagines. Certainly the descriptions in "Oenone" and "Marianna in the South" were not invented, as he alleges; nor were those in the latter drawn from Italy; both were due to his Pyrenean journey. If Browning used Nature more or less incidentally, it was yet an integral element in his work; and when he ceased to use it (as Mr. Brooke observes) his poetry declined. But his primal interest was in man: "Paint man, man, whatever the issue." In man, and all things which concerned man, Mr. Brooke is assuredly not wrong in singling as his motive characteristic an immense curiosity. He wanted to know the springs of everything. Not only the inwards of man, but of all with which man busied and interested himself. It is curious that this poet, who was so careless, in his work, of poetic art or metrical music for its own sake, yet was deeply interested in Art and Music proper. It is hardly less curious that great metrical musicians, such as Coleridge in the past, have been without understanding of music. Browning has devoted whole poems to art and music, while his work shows him no less inquiring concerning his own art of poetry. But in these matters (*pace* Mr. Brooks) he pursues rather the intricacies than the depths. The same has been said by Mr. Aubrey de Vere concerning his study of men; and it is true.

As Mr. Brooke remarks, Browning was an analyst before analytic study of humanity became fashionable: it is one of the several points in which the author shows that he delayed his own acceptance by anticipating his age. What "The Ring and the Book" does on a gigantic scale, nearly all his poems do on a lesser scale: they seize some problem involving a conflict of human motives, and inquire how and why it must work out to a given conclusion. The problem is chosen so as to take the several forces engaged at their point of intersection, and thence the threads are traced outward. It is turned about on every side; the various jarring forces of passion and interest are teased out as with a needle-point; such and such allowance is carefully made for the side-currents of circumstance; and the final result is stated with such precision of demonstration that one expects the poet to add Q.E.D. The mode is scientific, almost geometrical. It is analytic, not synthetic. But analysis, a sufficiently doubtful boon in the novel, is death to the whole spirit of poetry, which is properly synthetic. And this is just the doubtful and incalculable element in the endurance of Browning's reputation. This analytic method, and yet more, this analytic temper, are responsible for half the intrusion of innumerable extra-poetic matters into Browning's work, flies in the ointment of poetry, things which weary and are like grit between the teeth. It is all curious to him, and he forgets that he is a poet, in his curiosity. But he is more concerned that his problem should be subtle, that it should bring into play sufficient intricacy of motives,

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than that it should go deep. We should hesitate to call Browning a profound master of the human heart. A subtle one, he undoubtedly is. He loved the obscure alleys and lanes of human conduct, and no theme was too petty, if he could spin about it a spider-web of psychological casuistry. Indeed, that were no bad word for him—"a psychological casuist."

That despite, not because of, his method he did arrive at poetry, that he united so much of genuine gold with such natively unpromising ore, is the miracle. No man ever took a stranger road to be a poet than Robert Browning, and only he could have compassed the feat. So analytic a mode would throw by the heels any imitator—as it has done; and thus happily we have not to fear the immeasurable calamity of a Browning school. It was no common central heat which even partially fused together metals so diverse; and if embedded along with the mass we find odd rubbish, we must take it as a consequence of this strange force. Passion and imagination are in the shrewd experimenter on life. It is not all unaccountable. In recalling the past, persons do naturally analyse to some extent their feelings and motives, and the process begets from recollection a present emotion. Extended by an allowable convention, here is a native groundwork for impassioned analysis (if not carried too far), which becomes, indeed, a kind of synthetic process—a recombining the disjoined bones of the past. In some such way does Browning often give nature, or the illusion of nature, and passion to his anatomization of men's hearts.

Above all, this man, so constantly rugged, so busied with many things that his verse itself is perturbed as with the thorns and brambles of the world, had in him a great and singular power of tenderness—at times of austere beauty. He could draw women as they have not been drawn in the poetry of our day. Only the strongest poets have been able to draw women—women as they live and act among men; a noteworthy fact. In his portrait of Pompilia, Browning reaches sustained spirituality, the quality he so seldom attains. And when he does pass into pure tenderness or beauty, his utterance may stand by that of any poet. So it is also in "Balaustion's Adventure." His heroine seems to raise and purify his speech. The knotted lines lapse into untroubled movement, the "Babylonish dialect" grows suave and noble. Take one casual passage:—

Then music sighed itself away, one moan
Iphigeneia made by Aulis' strand;
With her and music died Euripides.

Could verse be more augustly beautiful than this, in idea and utterance? As no poet has a greater command of burly and idiomatic vernacular—his sentences fall at times like the blows of a cudgel—so not any poet has given us more concentrated passages of pathos. Strength and pity are twin in poetry—with few exceptions. But to touch more than an aspect or so of this full and many-sided poet is impossible here. We have already dwelt over much on his negative side, or we should have said a word on his too facile optimism, the optimism of a man "whose sails were never to the tempest given," which by no means delights us so much as it delights Mr. Stopford Brooke.

An Ironist's Outlook.

Success. By R. B. Cunningham Graham. The Green-back Series. (Duckworth. 1s. 6d. and 2s. net.)

It is perhaps not strange that the good old word humanity—Chaucer's humanitee—used in the sense of kindness for so many centuries—was found too delicate in constitution to bear all the alarming strain imposed in its use in modern civilisation, and that Society had to coin the chilly abstraction, humanitarianism, to help cope with our enterprising and greedy times. Mr. Cunningham

Graham's *Success* makes us wish that the word humanist had a less restricted meaning to-day, and that it should henceforward denominate those writers in whose work breathes the spirit of a rare and fine humanity, writers who are not afraid of painting life as it is, and are not ashamed of presenting man with a finely humane ideal. We are aware that this heterogeneous modern Society of ours has a dislike for those ironists who touch even lightly on the raw places of civilisation, and a contempt for the philosophers who invite it to project its imagination for a moment beyond the limited horizon of its self-love. Nevertheless, the whole issue raised by *Success* is worth putting again and again—what does modern Society gain by its instinctive fear of the writers who show us things as they are?

For one thing, Society loses a good deal in misunderstanding all those significant writers who flatter it least. *Success* is an instance in point. Readers who come to this book will have to read it for its author's rare spirit, for its delicate wit and philosophy of life, and incidentally that implies that the reader will have to take a hammer to many imposing idols, and throw various fetishes into the street.

Some books offer us a great deal of gorgeous upholstery and no end of sham appearances, and the poor author has to inflate his spirit to bursting point to keep up the trick. Mr. Cunningham Graham's sketches simply present casual but most significant snatches of life caught now here, now there, by his observant eye: life on the South American pampa, in a London prison, at a Spanish railway station, in an Ulster factory village, &c., and we see—oh, rare spectacle!—that to this traveller his fellows are really brother-men and that human life, whether it be manifesting its vagaries on the Hill of Golgotha or in the Old Kent Road, has the same sacred importance as a reality to be measured only by the measure of human sacrifice, suffering, or stupidity interwoven in it.

To his critical, kindling glance, the infinite variety of types and grades of mankind form a vast democratic family, no type better than another, but different, and the human specimens he sketches for us, whether they be Birmingham factory hands or Scotch Elders, Nonconformists, M.P.'s, or Parisian "horizontales," stockbrokers bearing the black man's burden in Throgmorton Street, or niggers bearing the white man's burden in Kimberley, or English Cabinet Ministers or German stokers, all are the equal human children of that old bickering family of our crafty and plotting old mother Earth. It is indeed by this philosophic, this kindly, this ironic justice of his, while plunging us in *Success* into the daily accidental world of life just as it is, struggling, complex, prosaic, with the sun rising on the common old spectacle of man's incorrigible self-importance, of the strange and whimsical patterns of his diversity, of his weak humanity and stranger inhumanity towards his fellows that Mr. Cunningham Graham strikes his own original note. And this note, though it seems satirical to say it, while aristocratic in tone, is too democratic in its broad charity and wide humanity to be loved of the democrats. And here comes in the fly in the average reader's ointment.

The fly in the reader's ointment in the case of Mr. Cunningham Graham's writings is simply the place to which the author relegates "civilisation." Civilisation we know is "top dog" in the Anglo-Saxon's world to-day, and to the leader writers all the rest of the world is Barbarism, the bottom dog. But Mr. Cunningham Graham, who is a keen critic of the facts of life, finds, like many travellers and artists before him, that if you gave civilised man more real freedom and enjoyment and took away much cant and half the "benefits" that stifle him, there would then be little to choose between him and the barbarian. There is nothing particularly startling in this doctrine (which is secretly held by perhaps most men in the City), but

our author's artistic method is so individual as to raise blisters on the mind of every disciple of Progress. Whereas the artist *pur sang* in painting life strives to find the right perspective in which his subject reveals itself as a definite growth of character, soil and circumstance, and by showing us life's inevitability and by keeping us as mere spectators outside it, disarms us of our prejudices, Mr. Cunningham Graham is always relating all species and types of human life together at his will and pleasure, relating us in Fleet Street, say, with the Gauchos in this sketch, or with the Arab tribesmen in that. His artistic method is a strange fusion of the artist's vision with the man of action's outlook, which often comes off brilliantly, as in "The Gualichu Tree" where there is a natural relation shown between civilised and uncivilised man, but often it is irritating, even inartistic, as in "Los Sequidores" where there is no relation shown. The method at times, though brilliant, is too inharmonious. As, however, the great general stream of the actual world's life to-day is the author's province, and as it is his special gift (and no other writer shows it) to shift and bring together the most diverse humours of life in a rapidly flashing spectacle, and to show us those relations and similarities which escape other minds, it would be folly to quarrel with the manner in which he gets his effects. To analyse the author's method, this brilliant style in which wit and philosophy and description blend into one pungent salt, is about as profitable as to analyse sea spray to show why it sparkles in the sunlight.

Some books have to be read for the pomp and show of things they place imposingly before us, and others have to be read simply for the spirit in which they analyse life. *Success* is one of the comparatively few books that fall naturally in the latter class. The author is a realist of the realists (you can feel the sharp edge and blunt outlines of material fact in his pages), and yet his vision of this world is half a poet's. His subtle compassion for his fellow men, his indignant tenderness for the weak, and his utter lack of sentimentality is, however, at the root of his charm.

A Commonplace Emperor.

The Emperor Charles V. By Edward Armstrong. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 21s. net.)

MR. ARMSTRONG has written a big book about Charles V., but he cannot be charged with rating his hero too highly, or unduly prolonging his narrative. "If Charles had been a greater man," he explains, "it would have been easier to write a smaller book"; and again, "I can assure my readers that if I had thought that they could endure six volumes, I could have written them with greater ease than two." We are glad that Mr. Armstrong did not write six volumes, but his two are welcome. He has ransacked many sources of information, French, German and Spanish, searching corners which the industry of few students would be likely to penetrate; and what is of more importance, he makes use of his researches with admirable restraint in a narrative which is always clear and masterly, and never overburdened with irrelevant learning.

Charles V. is no ideal subject for a biography. He possessed most of the virtues which do not attract, and few of the vices which do. He was pre-eminently sensible but only moderately wise. He was uniformly honourable, but never chivalrous. He was a good soldier, but not a great general; a statesman of sound practical ability, but no constructive genius; moderate in character, in talent, in ambition, in achievement—in all things except eating and drinking. Mr. Armstrong shows convincingly enough that the schemes of universal empire so often associated with his name existed only in the minds of nervous contemporaries or superficial historians. Charles's hands were full enough with work which he could not escape. He had no leisure to fancy himself a Cæsar or an

Alexander. In his constant struggles with tasks ungrateful and impossible of fulfilment, his efforts to conciliate interests and tendencies hopelessly conflicting, his weariness under the burden of empire, he suggests a comparison with the representative of his family who rules to-day at Vienna. He commanded respect, but he seldom won affection, and his biographer is as little influenced by undue partiality as were his contemporaries. In fact, the one incident in his career which forcibly strikes the imagination is his retirement from the stage of active life, when stricken with gout and weariness. "He had the discretion to know," as Montaigne puts it, "that reason commanded us to strip or shift ourselves when our clothes trouble and are too heavy for us, and that it is high time to go to bed when our legs fail us."

But if the chief actor does not inspire enthusiasm, the stage on which he moves is a mighty one. Germany and the Netherlands, Spain and Italy, Africa, America and the Indies are linked together in the person of Charles, and all receive adequate treatment at the hands of his biographer. Mr. Armstrong excels in dealing with intricate subjects, but even he hardly succeeds in making the history of Germany in the sixteenth century altogether rational and intelligible. To the countless pre-existing elements of discord the new religious struggle added fresh complications, and Martin Luther's first gift to Christendom was not peace but a sword. Futile diets and councils succeed to aimless wars; Confessions and Protests, Interims and Recesses confuse the issues and settle little. But the author threads his way through the maze with skill and decision. Nor is he too scientific to be picturesque. Luther raising his hand, as he leaves the hall at Worms, with the gesture of the *lanzknecht* who has dealt a telling stroke; fortifying himself with toast and Malmsey wine, and setting out with his two carts and twenty horsemen as an expelled heretic; Charles at Innsbruck, "making as though he would kiss the younger ladies, but disengaging himself as soon as might be from those of riper years"; the heavy John Frederick tumbling over in the midst of his clumsy obeisance, are all graphically drawn, and with a pleasant touch of humour.

Many English readers will strike new ground in Mr. Armstrong's account of Spain. He has made excellent use of the petitions of the Cortes, which throw light "or shadows" on everything in Spain, not excluding "gypsies and apothecaries, old clothesmen and the *demi-monde*." There are complaints against the State regulation of industry, against the idleness and extravagance of undergraduates, against romantic fiction, against indiscriminate charity, against reckless driving, against nearly everything which we still lament and endure.

There are some happy epigrams, of which a few may be quoted in conclusion. "To characters at once indolent and conscientious, activity is the variable handmaid of ideals." "The countries which are most generous to Jews are those which do not absolutely need them." "To marry a wife because she is likely to be useful in your absence is rather sensible than sentimental." Of Henry VIII. we are told "The Defender of the Faith was Protector of the Holy League; the defence and the protection were on a par." And of Charles III. of Savoy, "The duke was a ruler of little practical capacity; he ultimately met his end by knocking his head against the wall in an attempt to get out of bed on the wrong side." In the last quoted the semicolon is masterly.

A Master Gossip.

Side Walk Studies. By Austin Dobson. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

MR. DOBSON is one of those writers of whom there is nothing new to say. The adjectives, like successful businesses, have been established for upwards of twenty years. He can do nothing that is not graceful, charming,

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and exquisitely neat in form, and, when (as now) it is in prose, gently informing and amazingly rich in allusion, Mr. Dobson seems to have by instinct all the things that other men toil after. Doubtless he too toiled once, but he gives no sign. His brow is dry, his limbs are comfortably extended on the lounge. Yet to make a new Dobson (were that possible) what a library would be needed! What *Dictionaries of Phrase and Fable*, what *Dictionaries of National Biography*, what volumes of memoirs, letters, scandal! And when all were assembled, what delicate wit and sense of form!

The pity of it is that with all his gifts and by-way and highway knowledge, all his critical acumen, all his wit, and all his interest in literature and social history, Mr. Dobson has permitted an ineradicable modesty to prevent him from doing himself justice. Looking over the list of his writings—and a considerable one it is: there is a Dobson bibliography extending to many pages, quite a fat book—one is struck by the absence of anything indispensable. Among so many charming and entertaining and informing books and articles there is nothing that is indispensable. Mr. Dobson seems never to have set himself the task of saying the last thing (impossible perhaps, but a right ambition). Equipped as hardly another is to edit certain writers, he has yet no great editions to his name. He has toyed with every author; he practically has devoted himself wholly to none. He might have written a superb biography; he has produced only monographs, essays, introductions.

Modesty, we are convinced, is at the basis of the whole matter; and we regret it. Mr. Dobson is too good, too accurate, too sympathetic to have thus effaced himself, or rather to have thus underworked himself. Literature has need of him. But instead he has been content to sip and pass on; to collect evidence up to a certain point and then vanish; to whisper where he should have commanded. With the power to give roasts he has offered only the olives.

May we hope that Mr. Dobson, now that he has retired from the Board of Trade, will produce a real *magnum opus*. What an editor he would be—with no restrictions as to space—of Walpole's Letters. His notes would be as good as the text.

We set out to say something of Mr. Dobson's latest dish of olives and were betrayed into a lamentation. There is however nothing to say of it, except to commend it to our readers and apply to it the adjectives mentioned above. The book falls into line with Mr. Dobson's *Eighteenth Century Vignettes*. The same treatment has been brought to bear on the same class of subject. We like best the study of Peg Woffington; but every page of the volume is agreeable company, and one is flattered as one reads into a belief that one knows history intimately. Perhaps Mr. Dobson is least at his ease when walking from Fulham to Chiswick in the manner of the old topographical writers. The formal nature of the narrative makes his remarks a little stiff, and he errs, we think, in mentioning living residents in the neighbourhood. Mr. Dobson is so steeped in the past that to find him alluding to the house of a contemporary is to receive a shock. We rather wonder, by the way, that he did not refer in this paper to Fielding's parody of this particular kind of writing.

A Preface and a Play.

The Princess of Hanover. By Margaret L. Woods. (Duckworth. 5s. net.)

Mrs. Woods has given us in *The Princess of Hanover* a play which, from a purely literary standpoint at least, deserves sympathetic and respectful handling. Whether it will receive it, depends a good deal, we should fancy, on the reception critics may give to her preface. She has

there gone out of her way to make what she admits to be the hazardous experiment of stating certain views on the theory of metre; and not only so, but has essayed to read the critics a lesson on their neglect of metrical knowledge in general, and the teachings of Mr. Robert Bridges in particular. On the latter point we have some feeling for hard-driven reviewers: Mr. Bridges on Milton is gey ill (as the Scotch say) to read in a hurry. But there is sound reason for her complaints: reviewers might at least have the modesty of their mostly scant knowledge on a thorny subject. Mrs. Woods's own remarks, however, are slight and modest enough. With regard to metre, she does little more than observe that our blank verse is a matter of stress, and refers critics to Mr. Bridges' essay in question. Now, "stress" is our old friend "accent" in disguise—or substantially so. Nor is the principle disputable, with safeguards. Her own observations are chiefly on rhyme. The substance of them is a plea for half-rhymes. Half-rhymes (or "rhymes to the eye," as some foolishly call them) have, as she observes, been used by most of the great poets; and she asserts that this is not from laxity, as people suppose, but because they relieve the ear, by their occasional employment, from the obvious and insistent jingle of the perfect, or typical English rhyme. On this point we absolutely agree with Mrs. Woods. She instances Shelley. But she might have remarked that Shelley follows a plan in their use. When the rhymes are alternate, or otherwise apart, he uses very remote consonances of sound; but when they are in couplets, he is much more strict. Evidently, in juxtaposed rhymes the ear can judge more quickly and readily; so that a departure from strict rhyme is more obvious, therefore more easily resented by the ear. At a little distance, the ear makes no such immediate comparison, and can therefore tolerate a resemblance less close.

But "the play's the thing." It is founded on the historic murder of Königsmark, the lover of the Electoral Princess Sophie of Hanover, wife of the Prince who was afterwards George I. of England. It is not a good play. There is no continuous evolution of plot. The situation of the guilty lovers, continually threatened by their enemy Madame Platen, and their successive escapes from the traps laid for them, give a measure of natural unity to the play; but these escapes are too disconnected and casual, there is no gradual unfolding of one subtle plot, as in "Othello" for example. Nor are they such (until the final situation) as to create a tragic atmosphere, to thrill us by the slow on-coming of doom. They breathe the atmosphere of petty intrigue, and remind us rather of Beaumarchais and the "Marriage of Figaro" than of "Othello." Mrs. Woods seems almost sensible of this; for she has tried to get this effect of approaching tragic doom by an artificial device—a lyric of allegorical warning, appropriate fragments of which are sung in the background at desired intervals throughout the play. But the artifice soon becomes too plainly artificial, and proves inadequate for its end. Nevertheless, as a closet-drama, it has much strength, chiefly in the writing, to a degree gratefully unusual in modern poetic drama. The more lyric passages between the lovers are written with a passion and imagination which is veritably poetic, while there is genuine character in some of the personages. The blank verse, of which Mrs. Woods makes such a point, has at its best a quite masculine power and elevation. At such times she uses the diversifying arts of our older dramatists to admirable result. But in parts the verse is less happy, sometimes it absolutely creaks. In general, she has used redundant syllables and other special devices too constantly, and with too little necessity. The result is a restlessness of metre which defeats its aim; the reader is not allowed to repose for a moment from the strain on the attention of his ear.

Trifling.

Hints to Young Authors. By G. H. Lacon-Watson. (Richards. 2s. 6d.)

"In my desultory fashion, jotting down notes for these words of advice to the young and inexperienced . . ." writes Mr. Lacon-Watson, and the phrase is characteristic of the whole book. It has been too easily and airily done. It may serve as an example of Mr. Lacon-Watson's after-dinner-cigarette monologues upon the literary life; but as a practical guide it will not pass muster, even in a small *genus* of books noted for their uselessness. Three-quarters of it, at a moderate computation, is the sheerest commonplace. "But Fortune," says Mr. Lacon-Watson on p. 13, "as I have remarked before, plays a great part in this game. Remember that, and try not to be too much elated over an early success, as also to preserve an equal mind through a long succession of failures. I knew a young man once—." And so the stream runs on, until just before the close of the book we arrive at this: "I would caution you, in your own interests, against achieving a too early and facile success." And the final words are, ". . . that sudden and early popularity which has proved fatal to so many."

That Mr. Lacon-Watson deprecates immediate success is indeed the one clear note which his book has struck for us, the one message that gives to the "exiguous volume" a sort of homogeneity. Upon what plan, if any plan, he has proceeded we cannot discover. The first definite form of literary activity which he discusses is that of reviewing, and he apparently imagines that the average aspirant may begin with reviewing. "So important a subject" demands two chapters and over twenty pages, whereas "novel-writing" is dealt with in a dozen pages. Here is an example of his practical remarks on fiction: "There are at least as many ways of writing a novel as there are of cooking an egg, and although I would not go so far as Mr. Kipling when he sings of tribal lays, and declare that 'every single one of them is right' (an exaggeration only pardonable in a poet), yet it is true enough that a good novel can be produced by many different methods." And again: "The novels of George Eliot are, to my mind, perhaps as good examples as any we possess of the art of fiction. That is to say, they have sufficient psychology to repay the reader—." We hesitate, but we conquer our hesitation and call this kind of writing simple twaddle. It flourishes in every department of Mr. Lacon-Watson's hints, from "Making a Start" to "The Literary Agent."

The author's own experience seems to have been somewhat limited. On p. 2 he says he has never met a man who "got tired of sending his work round and dropped quietly out of the competition." On p. 14 he roundly says that it is a mistake to write impeccable English (but he objects to the split infinitive). Perhaps this explains his use of the vulgarity "lady friend" on p. 16. He says that an article or short story for a magazine "should range between two and four thousand words." He thinks that the selling of "review copies" by reviewers is "a painful subject alike to author and publisher," while admitting that review copies must be sold. His notion of the best way to approach an editor is to write to him intimating that you have an "Idea for a New Feature," and he advises the tyro, when he calls on the editor, to state that his business is "Private and Important." He thinks that "most of the weeklies" are distributed on Saturday. Speaking of literary agents he says that the agent who demands a fee in advance "should be sternly avoided." We have not met with the literary agent of any standing who will make a present of his time to any unknown amateur who chooses to employ him.

Still, here and there in Mr. Lacon-Watson's amiable digressions a piece of genuine sound advice is to be found. "Pronounce your own name with distinctness and

a collected manner," he says to the tyro calling at a newspaper office. The hint is valuable; but for ourselves, with our quaint old ideas about impeccable English, we should have preferred to phrase it *in*, not *with*, "a collected manner."

Other New Books.

For her Sex: Extracts from a Girl's Diary. (Heinemann. 2s.)

This is an authorised translation from the tenth German edition. We could wish that the translation had never been made. We have quite enough original works of a similar kind, though few, happily, are quite so frankly unpleasant as this. A foreword tells us that "Vera was not a poet, but a young girl. Her legacy is not an aesthetic morsel to jaded palates, but a shrill cry of pain, crude with the crudeness of all pain." The cry is crude enough in all conscience, but its logical presentation is practically valueless and its hysteria as irrational as all hysteria. The diary consists of the outpourings of a young girl who is engaged to a man who appears to be quite desirable. But Vera discovers that he has a past, that he will not bring to her the purity which he demands of her. She accordingly, with a promptitude which does not surprise us (we soon gather the essential turgidity of Vera's mind), takes to reading medical books. Need we say that the affair ends with the girl's suicide? The whole thing proves nothing, for Vera is miserably febrile, and no more capable of seeing life in its true proportions than she is of simple happiness. "I am not made to be happy," she says on p. 6. We cannot here enter into the question which the book raises, but we are convinced that *For Her Sex* makes no practical contribution to the settlement of that question. It is merely unsavoury, superficial and hysterical.

The Story of the 34th Company (Middlesex) Imperial Yeomanry. By William Corner. (Fisher Unwin. 21s. net.)

ONE of the largest of the books on the War which have proceeded from the hands of men who served in subordinate capacities. Mr. Corner when he joined the Yeomanry had already some years' experience of rough riding in Texas and Mexico. He was at once a man of education, with a wide knowledge of life, and a man of means. He could afford to pick out and pay for a mare that could carry him to his mind. He returned to England in 1899, and it was with something of an exile's pride and delight in home, he tells us, that in a cathedral town he drank to the full of the beauty, the orderliness, the established glory of England. It was in a spirit of ardent patriotism that he "attested" as first private of the Company. He knew very well what was wanted, as we all know it now, but he had to be licked into shape, he tells us, "in the old spirit-breaking, blackguard way"—quite as if he had been picked up at the corner of Trafalgar Square. They made him shave off his beard. That is a trifle, but it stands for much. It sounds the keynote of the preliminary training at Knightsbridge. Here was a man with a head, and official regard for the fact could find no more fitting recognition of the fact than to furnish him with five different coverings for it and make him shave his face. No; he was appointed signaller; and to qualify himself for this post he must steal time from his meals and his sleep, and at half-a-crown an hour must engage a private tutor to coach him in the trick of flag-wagging. They gave him a mis-sighted rifle, and rebuked him for buying a revolver, and loaded him up with unnecessaries, and taught him to practise close formation and hold his tongue. A genuine patriotism carried him through, as it carried so

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many others through an immense deal of irrational bullying; and he tells the story of the campaign with a fine spirit, that makes us like the man. His account of the movements in which he took part is clear and circumstantial, and his book should take a good place among the historical documents of which the Boer War has been prolific.

Pictures of Many Wars. By Frederick Villiers. (Cassells. 6s.)

WHEN Mr. Villiers was a little boy, he used to draw regiments of soldiers on his slate. From that to the post of war artist of the *Graphic* was a matter of a few years. The Servian War was his first subject; his last, the expedition under Wolseley the object of which was the relief of Gordon. His book of reminiscences closes upon the dramatic moment of the arrival of the boat that brought young Stuart Wortley. "From mouth to mouth it was whispered: 'Khartoum! Khartoum has fallen!'" A strange life, that of the veteran war correspondent—who has watched at work, without sharing in its passions, the force that has shaped society, and will many times more shape it afresh:—

Picking my way through the crowd of wounded on the landing and stairway, I had gained the street entrance, when my leg was plucked at by a poor creature in the shadow of the portal. As he lifted his head a moonbeam fell upon a sight I shall never forget. His face, a mere pulp, was crushed by a fragment of shell, and was as black as a negro's with clotted gore. Staring appalled at this gruesome sight, he roused me by touching my boot, and, slowly lifting his arm, pointed to the lower portion of his face. He repeated this action twice before I understood him; then I knelt by his side and poured some brandy from my flask down his throat. He could not express his thanks by word of mouth, but his eyelids trembled, and he lifted his arm again, bringing his hand gradually to the salute.

It is that conventional expression of respect and gratitude from this battered tortured peasant, at the extremity of suffering for a cause of which he can have understood nothing, that harrows one. But such episodes are but occasional in a book that for the most part glories in the infrangibility of the British Square. And a great spirit it is too, and there is work for it to do before the day "when war shall be no more." Mr. Villiers is a man of very wide experience and tells us his story well, however loose and ready-made his style. Also he has a quick eye for the humorous aspect of things.

How to Look at Pictures. By Robert Clermont Witt. (Bell. 5s. net.)

MR. WITT'S book does not attempt to appeal to the expert or the critic. It is intended for those "who have no special knowledge of pictures and painting, but are interested in them," and the author tries to lead such in the right way. His scheme appears to have been inspired by the aimless drifting crowds which may be seen on any day in any gallery in Europe, crowds having an idea that they ought to be interested, but actually being only bored. Whether much can be done for such people is doubtful, but Mr. Witt does his best; and certainly to those whose love of pictures is genuine, and their knowledge small, his book should prove of genuine value. The author deals with his subject in different sections, such as "Considerations of Date," "The Influence of Race and Country," and "Schools of Painting." He then proceeds to discuss the various branches of pictorial art, giving illustrative examples from each. These examples are on the whole well selected, and include reproductions from the work of Frans Hals, Velasquez, Gainsborough, Van Dyck, Giotto, Claude, and Whistler.

A notable characteristic of Mr. Witt's style is its freedom from gush. He guides and elucidates, but does not rhapsodize. For this reticence he is both to be congratulated and thanked.

University Sketches. By Cardinal Newman. (Walter Scott. 1s. 6d.)

THIS is the latest addition to the Scott Library. Mr. George Sampson's Introduction of forty pages offers a fair bird's-eye view of the work of a man whose contribution to English literature of the nineteenth century is liable to be miscalculated precisely because of the definiteness of his aim. He wrote for persons who wanted advice with a view to a practical decision—to persuade men to become martyrs or confessors; he was not content to play with fancies and vague generalities. He never took a broader view than he takes in the *University Sketches*. And the general public that desires to study Newman in his less ecclesiastical attitude will find him here.

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES: A remarkable variety of new editions has appeared upon our table this week, ranging from Shakespeare to Charles Kingsley, from Henry Vaughan to Dickens. It is pleasant to note that most of these re-issues have desirable formats; in many instances the volumes are adapted for the pocket, and in all cases the type gives no offence to the eye.—The *Memoir of the Rev. John Russell*, by E. W. L. Davies (Chatto), is embellished, in its new form, with illustrations by N. H. T. Baird, pleasantly coloured. Mr. Davies's is hardly a model biography, but it shows a proper appreciation of the inimitable "Pa'son Jack."—The latest volumes issued in Messrs. Chapman and Hall's "Biographical Edition" of Dickens are *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby*. We have already expressed our appreciation of this edition: the introductions to the volumes are simple, concise, and quite full enough for popular purposes.—Messrs. Bell have added to their "Chiswick Shakespeare" *Pericles*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, and *Troilus and Cressida*. Mr. Byam Shaw's illustrations are unequal: some are full of movement and perception, others are barely interesting.—As additions to the "Temple Fielding" we have received *Jonathan Wild*, and *Miscellanies* (2 vols.). The latter, amongst other various matter, contains "Tom Thumb the Great" and "A Voyage to Lisbon."—The *Poems of Keats* (Newnes) makes a pretty and handy volume running to 469 pages. The portrait by Mr. E. T. Sullivan is not quite satisfactory. We miss the pugnacity of the face.—*Westward Ho!* has been issued by Messrs. Treherne in their pretty "Coronation Series." The volume is very suitable for a present to boys: not as a gift book in the ordinary sense.—From the Oxford University Press there come delightful editions of Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh*, &c., and Henry Vaughan's ("The Silurist") *Mount of Olives*. The two devotional treatises contained in the latter comprise all Vaughan's original prose.—Messrs. Chatto have re-issued the Hon. Hugh Rowley's *Puniana* and *More Puniana*. We suppose there is a public for this form of humour; and to that public we commend the volume.—We have also received a "popular edition" of Mr. H. B. Wheatley's *How to Form a Library*, and from Messrs. Macmillan there comes Mrs. Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* in a three-and-sixpenny edition. Also, Messrs. Smith Elder have reached the fifth volume in their complete edition of the *Poetical Works* of Mr. Robert Bridges.

Fiction.

A Good Novel.

The Success of Mark Wyngate. By U. L. Silberrad. (Constable. 6s.)

"If, of all men, the most to be envied is he who has a great work to do and just strength to do it, what is to be said of him who adds to that a fellow-worker on whose assistance he can rely and of whose sympathy he is sure?"

We begin with this extract from Miss Silberrad's latest book not because the thought in it has any special significance, but because it gives in essence the subject of this grave, detached, unimpassioned story. Miss Silberrad has studied life, and she presents her view of it without enthusiasm and without pessimism. She has a quick sympathy, she is very much alive to the kaleidoscope of present-day affairs, but her own personality never intrudes. The reader sees her a silent, recording figure, chin resting on hand, studying motives rather than moods, intentions rather than acts. And in the momentary surprises of temperament in the development of her characters she never loses sight of the fundamental truth on which this study of the interaction of Mark upon Judith, and Judith upon Mark, is based. This: that while a man of iron will and single purpose may find his work all sufficient, a woman rarely finds the work sufficient in itself, however eager she may be in its pursuit. She must pay the penalty of her sex, and find in the personality of the man the strongest motive power of her endurance: the work itself comes second. It is a pity that this should be so, and there are, of course, exceptions; but Judith was not one of the exceptions. Finely, with sure strokes, Miss Silberrad draws this passionate, deep-souled, perfectly sincere woman, in whom the savage slumbers, but never sleeps. Mark is a chemist, she is a chemist. Mark is a man of science and nothing else, Judith is a chemist and a woman. That is the trouble. The theme is worked out with skill and verisimilitude except as regards the catastrophe. In fiction such a catastrophe is accepted as "inevitable": in life, no! That is the only part of the book where we think Miss Silberrad has turned away from the actual, and described the possible, which also happens to be the conventional.

But the presentation of these two chemists, man and woman in partnership, working together with hands as well as brains to discover a certain opalescent dye, is not all the story. Behind and around these two strong, serious figures hover a collection of equally well observed characters compact of pettiness and vulgarity. All the minor characters are not so, but the presentation of life in Bachelors' Buildings, a place where "free" young working women live, can hardly be read without repulsion. Here is a pen picture of the staircase landing: "there was a smell of washing about; it arose from the square courtyard, where the porter's wife still stood among the wash tubs. Someone had dropped a plum on the stairhead and had trodden upon it, making a sickly-smelling smear."

But we can best indicate this side of the book, the life in Bachelors' Buildings, by an extract. It is almost horrid in its presentation of the cheap little souls of Ethel and Vera and their silly slang, but it rings true. True, too, is the awakening disgust of Ethel in her life. "I've got into no end of idiotic racketting ways. It's all bunkum about wanting liberty and so on":—

"You talk such rot," her friend explained with frankness.

"I like that!" Vera retorted, though she did not look as if she did.

"Well, you do," Ethel answered. "Nothing but grumbling about the grub or bragging of what you did at Brighton."

Vera bristled.

"Bragging!" she cried. "I've not bragged; every word I told you was true, I swear. I've not told you a single lie—

there wasn't any need—there was more than enough of the truth as you'd have known if you'd been there. You're jealous because you haven't had the time I had."

"Shouldn't care to," Ethel returned. "And what's more, if I had had that sort of time I should have the decency to keep it to myself; I shouldn't brag about it as if it were something clever."

"You are mighty particular all of a sudden."

"Too particular to go on as you do."

The above is in marked contrast with the passages of austere beauty and strenuousness that encompass the personalities of Judith and Mark. Miss Silberrad is a realist of externals, but she is also a watcher of the struggles and the cries of heart and soul. The novelist who can present a Judith, as well as a Vera and an Ethel, has that in her which can, without exaggeration, be called rare.

The Intrusions of Peggy. By Anthony Hope. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

ANTHONY HOPE does not dig very deep for his material, but he sifts it well. There is a close pursuit of motives and emotions in this story which shows that he would rather lose careless readers than spare them the not too difficult trouble involved in thinking with him. It is to be hoped that the society of which he treats will read *The Intrusions of Peggy*, but it is a foregone conclusion that that society will not recognise in his analysis its own gratuitous vulgarity and enervating dulness. Curiously enough, the most interesting character of all is only a memory in the mind of Trix Trevalla, the memory of a father, an ex-clergyman, whom "men liked, so long as they had no business relations with him." He and Trix's mother, "a bridling, blushing, weak-kneed woman; kind save when her nerves were bad, and when they were, unkind in a weak and desultory way that did not deserve the name of cruelty," seem to belong to a book by Mr. Henry James. But they are only memories, and Trix proceeds to make her conquests. She succeeds, loses money, position, and self-respect, and is saved by Peggy's intrusions. The whole thing is cleverly done, but there is an essential lack which precludes broad success. Perhaps it is that Mr. Hope watches too exclusively the minor evolutions of his figures; we miss the serenity of the philosophy which sees in the world something beyond the accident of man.

Thompson's Progress. By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

THIS series of episodes in the career of a collier lad, nameless save that he was "Tom's Son," who became a great manufacturer and ended as a noble lord, is hardly equal to Mr. Hyne's best work: at no time does Thompson approach the irresistible Captain Kettle. The whole thing is too much like "Self Help" turned into fiction. Of course we know that collier lads have before now made enormous fortunes and even worn coronets, but we want more than that to make a good novel, and more than that Mr. Hyne hardly gives us. The best incidents in the book show us Thompson at his relaxation of poaching; he continued to poach when he was a millionaire. But we cannot follow his enormous commercial successes with much real interest, and here and there Mr. Hyne's invention seems to have forsaken him. The episode of the rich merchant who was caught practising the signature of Thompson's firm is quite unconvincing; people as a rule do not practise forgery unless they are hard up or monomaniacs, and this merchant was neither. And a later incident is even less impressive. We do not believe for a moment that a person of Mrs. Thompson's intelligence would inveigle her husband to a cellar and there, herself unseen, demand under threats and actually secure from him a large sum of money just to prove to him that she

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could aid his ambition. But *Thompson's Progress* has good things in it as well as indifferent, and it is always pleasant to read Mr. Hyne's simple, vigorous, and unaffected work. We always feel that he has a grip of his subject; we feel it even when he is setting down such improbable events as we have named.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

FLOWER O' THE CORN. BY S. R. CROCKETT.

"A young man," said my Lord Duke to Maurice Raith, "is never the worse for being like his neighbours." My Lord Duke was he of Marlborough, Captain Raith was on his staff, and the story is of the doings of Ardmillan's regiment and others in the Low Countries. Flower o' the Corn was the name Maurice gave to the lovely Frances Wellwood, the pet of Ardmillan's regiment. (Clarke & Co. 6s.)

THE LAST ALIVE. BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

Complications start at once by the bedside of the dying financier, who leaves his estate to that one of five friends who shall be alive fifteen years later. If more than one be alive the estate is to go to "my reputed legitimate son." Fifteen years later one of the five cries, "He was a devil—that man! He was Satan incarnate. He planned his will to ruin us and he has succeeded." (Richards. 6s.)

WITH CLIPPED WINGS. BY MRS. BOYD.

The story begins in New Zealand and ends there, though the real plot is worked out in London. Lucie's adventures on her arrival in London and her meeting with a supposed uncle, make the pivot, and Lucie, when her wings have been clipped by a touch of adversity, is a charming girl. A humorous book, with many touches of excellent characterization. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSEHOLD. BY THOMAS COBB.

Ursula was the Head of the Household, for her father had lately died and left her his vast possessions. The house was in Kensington Palace Gardens, and the household consisted of various distant and collateral relatives who had really been the late Mr. Tyerman's pensioners. How is Ursula to manage this household? Her lawyer (aged thirty-two) gives his advice. A pleasant story of the game of setting to partners carried out in the politest society. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

A ROMANCE OF THE TUILERIES. BY FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

The period is that of the Second Empire, new ground, we believe, for the author of *The Things That Matter*. The story begins not in the Tuilleries, but in a certain nursery in a certain old chateau, near the coast of Picardy, "where a child is growing up." (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

BACKSHEESH. BY ROMA WHITE.

About Egypt, with a quotation from a speech by Lord Milner on the title page. It is the story of a young Englishman who lives on the borders of the desert, and marries an Egyptian wife according to the Mahomedan law. Being summoned hastily to England he divorces her. The book also contains descriptions of harem life and local customs. (Cassell. 6s.)

THE DAUGHTERS OF JOB.

BY DARLEY DALE.

Jemima, Kezia, Kerehappuch: these were the daughters of the Rev. Job Percival; and as "the Zeitgeist had infected them," they went out into the world, one as cook, another as dealer in curios, and another as "secretary to a literary man." They had plenty of adventures of a mild sort,—and there are weddings. (Everett. 6s.)

THE UNNAMED.

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

Concerns the gay cosmopolitan circle in the two centres of Italian Society, Florence and Rome. "The temptations which beset a woman's path are many, and especially so in Italy," says Laura. Mr. Le Queux tells us in a prefatory note that certain persons will imagine they recognise their own portraits in this picture of "the most potent factor of modern life in Italy. But they will be wrong," he says. Friendship, platonic and otherwise, and the Camorra. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

THE JEST OF FATE.

BY PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

From the Southern States of America, where the tradition of loyalty to masters still lingers among negroes. A stolen sum of money and the arrest of Berry Hamilton, the trusted black butler, open the story. A picture of negro life from the inside, for the author, whose portrait is the frontispiece, is himself a man of colour. (Jarrold. 6s.)

THE RESIDENT MAGISTRATE.

BY BASIL MARSHALL.

Robert Selwyn is the son of an Irishman, Fenian, informer, who is chased by the "bhos." Ida is the daughter of a missionary. The story is worked out in Pondoland, where Dan Selwyn had his store, and we have glimpses of a somewhat vulgar social life in Cape Town. Basutos, Griquas, and the rest of South African trimmings—with Loti the beautiful native girl. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

UNDER THE IRON FLAIL.

BY JOHN OXENHAM.

"Time beats out all things with his iron flail." That is the motto of this story which opens in Brittany just before the beginning of the Franco-German War, and deals with the state of social and political affairs in France at that time. It leads on through Metz and the guerilla warfare of the provinces to the cataclysms in Paris after the fall of the Empire. The Englishman who tells the story is studying in London for the medical profession. (Cassell. 6s.)

IN CHAUCER'S MAYTIME.

BY EMILY RICHINGS.

The period is, as the title suggests, the fourteenth century, and Chaucer himself figures in the pages. A chapter is devoted to the Canterbury pilgrimage, and there is also a description of a Town and Gown riot at Oxford. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

THE HEART OF RUBY.

BY BERTHE TOSTI.

This story of a woman's tragedy has been excellently rendered from the original French by Miss Violet Hunt. The narrative reads easily and naturally. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

We have also received: *A Soul Apart*, by Adeline Sergeant (Hurst and Blackett); *Red Lion and Blue Star*, a collection of stories by J. A. Barry (Hutchinson); *Badmanstow*, by E. L. Haverfield (Allen); *The Bells of Portknockie*, by David Lyall (Hodder & Co.); *The Belforts of Culben*, by Edmund Mitchell (Chatto & Co.); *Janet Ward*, by Margaret E. Sangster (Chicago: F. H. Revel Co.); *Decadents*, by H. A. B. (Greening); *A Son of Mars*, by Major Griffiths (Everett); *Self and Circumstance*, by H. M. L. Lanark (Burleigh).

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One Way of Dulness.

"Women have a way of flattering one, and the heart of man is encased but in a flimsy envelope which is easily torn off."

"Certainly, my lord."

"Clever flattery is like some patent medicine which, when once you have got into the habit of taking, your system cannot do without."

"Certainly, my lord."

THIS scrap of dialogue we extract from a book the reading of which has confronted us with two old questions : the question of the place and value of dialogue in fiction, and the larger question of how far dialogue should be true to experience and to life. We take *Betty's Husband* as an example of its class ; it is, perhaps, neither better nor worse than other novels with a similar aim, but it has an assurance, a pretentiousness, and a persistent assertiveness which seem to cry out for particular rebuke. There are many ways of dulness ; *Betty's Husband* in one of those ways reaches a distinguished place.

The art of fiction, it has been said, is the art of life expressed in words through the medium of an understanding personality. No novelist can entirely get away from himself ; at those moments when his work appears to him to be most impersonal, when he feels that life is, as it were, an instrument outside himself from which he may draw forth melodies profoundly poignant or alluringly gay ; when he feels, in a word, the true impulse of the creator, precisely at that moment is he most likely to be entirely himself. The mystery of personality demands from art the full measure of its own limitations ; it is when that personality is weakest that we get inconsequence, lack of balance, and the wearisome variety of irrelevance.

Within the scope of the strong personality there is room for almost infinite diversity, but it is a diversity subject to a master control. Take the dialogue, for instance, of Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy, in whose work the two questions we are discussing are perfectly represented. Neither employs dialogue without definite intention, each uses it to explain, to illuminate, to express vital matter. And neither writes perfectly natural dialogue—natural, that is, in the precise vernacular sense. Even in the case of his peasant characters, where verisimilitude might have seemed to add definition, Mr. Hardy has compromised ; he suggests dialect and cadences with astonishing skill, but he is never phonographic. In the work of Mr. Meredith dialogue occupies a different place in proportion to his difference of subject and intellectual outlook. To Mr. Meredith dialogue is as fire and light ; he uses it as no other English writer has used it, though scores have attempted to follow him, and failed. It is certainly not natural, not realistic, dialogue, yet it conveys a sense of life, of blood, of understanding, which grips with an actuality almost visual. Nor is it simple dialogue in the main ; it demands from the reader something of the

author's own alertness, something of his mental elusiveness, something, too, of his whimsical perversity. But when Mr. Meredith gets to the heart of a situation he rises to a severe simplicity ; all adornments, all the embroideries proper to an easy and untroubled conversation, he lays aside ; he gives us bare human life at white heat. In *Beauchamp's Career* there are half-a-dozen such scenes, and in *Vittoria* we have what appears to us to be the highest expression in fiction of intellectual strength and simplicity of purpose. At the back of all there is purpose ; not the purpose implied in the solving of a set problem, but that wider purpose of presenting a consistent view of life which has inspired all writers who have revered their art and its materials.

It is clear, then, that naturalness of dialogue is neither essential nor desirable, but it must be infused with personality ; it should be true, but not servilely true. Above all it should not aim at brilliance and result in factitious smartness ; it is given to few to be brilliant, but factitious smartness is easily acquired : how easily may be judged from *Betty's Husband*. The anonymous author of this novel has, apparently, set out to tell the story in a series of epigrams, aphorisms, and trivial reflections. The result is as dull and uninspiring as an exhibition of damp fireworks. We do not deny to the book a certain cleverness, still less do we question its facility. We are given page after page of dialogue that flows as easily as water from a bottle ; perhaps in frothiness it rather resembles beer out of a cask. The extract which we have set at the head of this article may be taken as a fair example. The speakers are Lord John Crawshay and his valet ; Lord John cannot talk even to his valet without indulging his fatal and shallow passion for smartness, and this person talks right through the book. We should judge that half its pages are occupied by his reflections, interjections, and shots at repartee. And not only does he talk perpetually, but at the head of each chapter is given some extract from his *Journal*. We think of Sir Austin Feverel and "The Pilgrim's Scrip," and smile. And we are to conclude that Lord John Crawshay is a wise man, a man of the world, and a gentleman. He is the good male influence in a story compounded of Society, intrigue, vulgarity, and the worst kind of sordidness. That these things exist is as true as that they are capable of artistic treatment, but here we have no point of view, no broad conception, no hold, save the most conventional, on the sound basis of life. There is one person in the book who is described as dull, but the author has succeeded in destroying her interesting possibilities by putting into her mouth smartnesses hardly less wearying than Lord John Crawshay's. Perhaps the most striking point about *Betty's Husband* is its consistent monotony : all the men seem to have the same view about women, and the women, with one exception, have the same view about men. That exception is the heroine, and we suspect that only the exigencies of the story prevented the author from making her as aphoristically consistent as the rest.

Let us give some examples of Lord John Crawshay's sayings. There is no need to distinguish between his *Journal* and the reported conversations :—

Part of the education of youth is its instruction in folly. It is necessary, and even salutary. Ruin, before now, has been many a man's salvation.

If Heaven is built by Love, we do not go far wrong if we suppose that Hell is built by Hate.

Credulity is the homage paid by vanity to incredulity.

The more frank and credulous people are, . . . the greater is their ultimate distrust.

These are perfectly fair extracts ; there are better sayings in the book, but on the other hand there are many worse. The truth of our contention will be apparent at once—the striving after effect, the lack of true understanding, the meretricious smartness. The first illustrates

Lord John's platitudinous manner, the other three his (shall we say?) meaningless manner. We need not elaborate the point; any reader can see for himself that those last three sentences combine the maximum of assertiveness with the minimum of accuracy. And when it is remembered that *Betty's Husband* is made up of this kind of thing, it will be easy to understand how the book has tired us. It has no real vitality; it deals not with realities, but with undigested reflections; it moves as unnaturally as a performing spaniel. The dialogue of the story will not stand the test to which, as we have tried to show, all sound dialogue in fiction must be brought. The author aimed at brilliance, and has achieved this mixture of smartness and fatuity. As for genuine characterisation, there is none.

We have selected *Betty's Husband* for particular consideration because it is typical of a class of story which appears to be becoming popular—the kind of story, in a word, which appeals to self-complacent Youth. Its assumption of wisdom is taken for profound knowledge, its assertiveness is regarded as strength. It is against these misapprehensions that we wish to protest. Books of the *Betty's Husband* sort might prove to be like Lord John Crawshay's patent medicines, "which, when once you have got into the habit of taking, your system cannot do without." Also, there is involved the wider literary question of tendencies and ideals. We have not a word to say against books which are frankly written to amuse—when they offend it is usually only against good taste. To many people, no doubt, *Betty's Husband* will not appear even to offend against good taste: our criticism of the book goes deeper. It appears to us to begin, as it were, at the wrong end of life: it does not construct, it merely makes comments of the description we have instanced upon imaginary situations or unlikely complications. It is true that the story concludes upon a reasonable and sober note, but the conclusion is no more inevitable than one of the innumerable epigrams.

When we say that the writing, publication, and quite probable popularity of this kind of book indicate a decline in the tendency of modern fiction, we are probably as a voice crying in the wilderness. We can only state our belief, and we have endeavoured to support it. Our plea is for more thought and less volubility, for more brooding over the mysteries of the flesh and spirit, and fewer vague and flippant commentaries upon both. The true stuff of literature is of necessity the true stuff of life, and in life there are grave ponderings and silences.

Fiona Macleod on Mr. W. B. Yeats.

An interesting literary event. No one can have a greater claim to write understandingly concerning Mr. Yeats than the writer who has devoted herself to clothing in modern literary speech the legends and tales which haunt the wave-acquainted rocks of Gaelic Scotland: from no one, we may conceive, could appreciation be more valued by the poet himself. Fiona Macleod writes, of course, as an apostle of the "Anglo-Celtic" movement, which we know under various names. It has given "ample room and verge enough" for the scoffer: there has, in truth, been not a little "flummery" about it, not a little tall talk; and it has been represented to the public mind largely by the weaker links of its chain, by those whose own work could least claim to stand for anything specially Celtic or large in literature. Even now it would be impossible to say that it had produced anything robust or of commanding significance. But robustness is scarce a Celtic quality, the movement is yet young; and it has indubitably produced a certain small but distinctive quality of delicate work having a common breath of life, which we may

describe as a spirituality and aloofness from the tallow and lard, the greasy materiality of modern life. The English writer who "returns to Nature," nowadays, goes back to the soil, to the "good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth." But the return of these Celtic writers is to a spiritualised nature. Wordsworth, of course, did that long ago. But for these Celts Nature is spiritual in a more direct, a more overt way. She not merely hints remote and mysterious influences; she is transfigured before their eyes, her "limbs are burning through the veil which seems to hide them." They have, indeed, more kinship with Shelley than with any other English poet.

That is a strange and remarkable new development in Ireland, particularly the Ireland whose first literary avatar was through such poets as Davis and his comrades, in patriotic ballads and the like, hopelessly "actual" and of no lofty order in literature. It is the neglected Mangan who has triumphed after all; for assuredly the spirit of "Dark Rosaleen" comes nearer to that of the present school than does the spirit of Davis. But the poetic standard-bearer of the movement is certainly Mr. W. B. Yeats. Fiona Macleod is not wrong when she says, in the *North American Review*, that even the contemners of the Anglo-Celtic school allow his position in literature. Her article is specially given to his later work, in which she recognises the "beginning of a new music and a new motive." It is a finely written article—here and there a thought too remote for perfectly-expressed criticism, but that is a trait inherent both in her subject and herself. There is one quite lovely phrase, where she says of a certain passage in "The Shadowy Waters" (comparing it with the preceding passage) that it is "the cold radiance of precious stones after the glow and flame of that little infinite trouble in the dark, the human heart." Mr. Yeats's latest poems do, as she says, display the dawning of a new motive; but of a new music we are not so sure. There are poems in the older volumes which seem to us to have all the quality of the latest ones. The new motive is the uncontrolled set of his poetry towards that mysticism to which it always, consciously or unconsciously, tended. It has its dangers, which Fiona Macleod clearly sees and indicates. The greatest lies in his research of symbolism. For it is more than a use of symbolism; we would go further than Fiona Macleod, and call it an actual abuse of symbolism. Symbolism is used (to our mind) where not only was its employment unneeded, but the meaning could more beautifully have been given without it. This, however, is a temporary phase, we believe, which will rectify itself. In Mr. Yeats's discovery of a novel power (since symbolism is no less) he has come to love and use it for the mere delight in using it; as a young artist revels in technique for the sake of technique. The painter presently learns to handle technique severely as a means to an end; and the like sobering will come about in Mr. Yeats's handling of symbolism. Yet we cannot quite sign to Fiona Macleod's dictum that "the things of beauty and mystery are best sung, so that the least may understand." If it were always possible, then it were indeed best so. But the highest "things of beauty and mystery" cannot be sung so that they may be understood of the least. Where, else, were the mystery?

But in the bulk of Mr. Yeats's work, even of this latest work, there seems to us nothing beyond the proper and beautiful indefiniteness of remote suggestion. Such is that exquisite poem which Fiona Macleod quotes:—

Had I the heaven's embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light;
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half light;
I would spread the cloths under your feet;
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet,
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

There is a poem by an older Irish writer, which ends with one fine line :—

Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love !

If Mr. Yeats ever saw the poem, then with the skill of a consummate artist he has ennobled the line into a thing of perfect beauty, which is rightfully his own. His highest work, like this poem, stirs echoes in the imagination which reverberate to the dimmest verges of consciousness. It is this unique power of subtly remote suggestion which makes him typically the poet of what we understand by Celtic spirituality. The words seem to awaken a series of answering harmonics, which are lost at last on the other side this life. Whether Fiona Macleod's final conjecture be correct, that Mr. Yeats may yet work out a new and spiritual drama, ranging under no existing precedents, is another matter. To us, as to her, it seems impossible at present that his genius should fit the stage. He has declared his conviction that such a drama must revert to the Shakespearean stage, and shake off the trammels of scenery. Wagner's conception of a new drama went the other way, demanding the last perfection of scenery and mechanical device. Yet we strongly incline to it, that in this matter Mr. Yeats is right. Nothing would drag us to see "The Tempest" mounted with even Bayreuthian completion. But is spirituality possible short of a Greek or lyric drama? And after all, Mr. Yeats's ethereal gift seems to us to have no rightful connection with passion at all, save the clear passion of yearning for the infinitely far, and regret for the unknown, which is plaintive in all his verse.

Impressions.

Nature's Way.

As I went down the road, the lamplighter passed me with a "Good evening!" The sun had not yet set, but it was a mile and more to the lamplighter's boundary lamp, and he was not the man to let the night catch him unawares. I turned to watch him striding down the Surrey road whose quiet friendliness the automobiles had wholly spoiled. I watched his swinging figure with the pole balanced on his shoulder, and the spot of fire that crowned it gleaming like a star.

Then I went on my way to seek old Jonathan. As I surmised, he was not leaning on the gate, with his old face—kindly, lined, battered—gazing on the road. Yet Jonathan was a man of routine. For years you may have seen him leaning on that gate on a Sunday afternoon brooding, re-thinking a few deep thoughts. A slow talker, a slow reader (a book a year was his average), Jonathan liked not new-fangled things. But I knew where to find him, beyond the meadow, at an older gate. We nodded and smoked in silence.

Presently he took his pipe from his mouth and pointed the stem at a planet that blazed beside the crescent moon. "Jupiter!" I think. He nodded, then said in his slow way: "I read in my paper to-day that Jupiter is one of the great scavengers of the heavens. He draws wandering bodies, meteors and the like, into himself. Yet he doesn't change. They become part of him, yet he goes on: the same a million years ago, the same a million years hence." Jonathan pursued the subject, but I refrain from reporting his exegesis.

We smoked in silence while night came up. Presently I said: "You've forsaken the gate by the road." "That's so," he answered. "I'm too old to get used to motor cars, letting Hell loose on the country roads on the Sabbath. They're the devil's furniture, and I pray God He'll break it up in His good time. All things are made plain and

simple if only we copy the Lord's patience. Do you see that?" Again he removed his pipe from his mouth, and pointed the stem to a sort of gully that ran through the meadow at our feet. "You just climb down and look at it." I obeyed, knowing that Jonathan would never waste words on the description of a thing that could be seen with the eyes. In the glimmering light I picked my way through this gully, following it till the bed pierced through an arch at the end of the meadow. The bed and sides of the gully were overgrown with grass, plants, and shrubs. For many years Nature had worked her will there. Jonathan was communicative when I returned to him. "Before they built the railways," he said, "a tramway run through that gully taking the stone from the quarries up to London. They built London Bridge with that stone. Look at the tramway cutting now. The old earth has covered all up. Man cannot always be fighting against Nature's way, and when he gives up fighting she just takes things back to herself. Jupiter calls in the meteors when they've had their run; the old Earth, if you give her time, covers up man's inventions in her old brown body. And you and me—I'm old."

Again there was a passage of eloquent silence. Again he removed his pipe from his mouth, but this time he did not point anywhere with the stem. "For you and me," he began again. Then he paused, and said suddenly, "Do you read the Book of Deuteronomy?" "Er—not regularly," I muttered. He removed his hat, and in the clear moonlight his ancient face shone with the prophetic glow. "In the Book of Deuteronomy," he said, "chapter 33, verse 27, it is written, 'The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.'"

As I went up the homeward road the lamplighter passed me. His pole was balanced on his shoulder, and the spot of fire on the top gleamed like a star.

Drama.

The Distrust of Irony.

It is announced by the management of the Avenue Theatre, in extenuation of criticism, that Mr. Frank Stayton, the author of "Mrs. Willoughby's Kiss," is only Twenty-Four. I confess I am rather surprised to hear it, for the quality in which the play is conspicuously lacking is literary courage, and it is precisely from Twenty-Four, with its splendid antinomianism and scorn of the practicable, that a want of literary courage is least of all to be expected. Mr. Stayton, as it seems to me, has started with a good dramatic idea and has quailed before the consequences which the remorseless logic of ideas sought to impose upon him. One's disappointment with the undeniably lame result is a little tempered by the reflection that, as the late immortal laureate might have said, 'tis better to have had an idea and run away from it than never to have had an idea at all. Which latter is the parlous state of too many amongst our contemporary dramatists. I should like to know how Mr. Stayton originally conceived the play. The merit of it, as it now stands, is almost wholly confined to the first act. The situation need not take long to expound. Mrs. Willoughby and Mrs. Brandram are awaiting at a Plymouth hotel the arrival of the boat which is to bring their respective husbands from making their fortunes in India. In each case the separation has lasted exactly fourteen years; and this period appears to have been spent by both ladies in the wilds of West Kensington. But time differentiates, and while Mrs. Willoughby, after fourteen years, remains young and attractive and critical, Mrs. Brandram has allowed herself to become stout and slovenly and not a

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little common. Unfortunately with the husbands whom they have not yet seen the differentiation has been all the other way. It is Mr. Brandram who retains his spruceness and his idealism, while Mr. Willoughby has grown into a boor with an unkempt beard, a fund of information about the monkey tribes of the Himalayas, and a marked tendency towards smoking-room stories. The double disillusion which takes place is inevitable. But it is preceded by a little *contretemps*. Just as Mr. Brandram enters the public room of the hotel where Mrs. Willoughby is expecting her husband, the electric light, as electric light apparently will, even in Plymouth, fails for a moment, and in that moment Mrs. Willoughby is led by the hasty exclamation of a friend to mistake the identity of the good-looking traveller and to bestow upon him the kiss which should have been reserved for the boor. The misunderstanding is a painful one and does not help to diminish the tension of feeling when the ill-assorted couples pair off in each other's presence at last.

The scene is played with the assistance of a comic waiter and some inexperience of handling that give it too much the air of farce. But essentially it is not farce at all. The situation is full of irony and has its roots deep in human nature. The character of the most steadfast is in unstable equilibrium. We are all developing every day of our lives, and in a direction rigidly determined by the action and reaction between ourselves and the environment of person and circumstance with which we are in habitual contact. How then can any two people, whose environment has been wholly different for fourteen years, expect to pick up their emotional relations just where they dropped them. And what clearer mark for irony than a set of social conditions which require that they should do this. So far, then, Mr. Stayton has his idea and, on the whole, presents it effectively. But the play cannot stop here, or it would be an episode and not a play. It is continued by the device, too transparent to offend, of putting the flats occupied by the Willoughbys and the Brandrams in the same block of mansions in West Kensington. The acquaintance begun at Plymouth is cultivated; and in the recoil of baffled sentiment in the hearts both of Mr. Brandram and Mrs. Willoughby the kiss given and taken in the hotel coffee-room comes to assume more than its real importance. Before long they are, or believe themselves to be, in love with each other. And now it is that Mr. Stayton flinches. By all the laws of emotional unity, the piece that has begun in irony should end in irony. I conceive it as working out somewhat on these lines. The ancient conflict of love and conscience is renewed once more in West Kensington. For a while there are searchings of heart and compromises. Then comes a crisis. In a big scene the lovers decide to sacrifice themselves upon the altar of duty. But they have been oblivious of the fact that they themselves are not alone subject to the spiritual law of the gravitation of like to like. Mr. Willoughby also, and Mrs. Brandram, in their cruder fashion, have been finding in each other the destined mate. Over their grosser souls fine-drawn ethical scruples have but little potency. Five minutes after Mr. Brandram and Mrs. Willoughby have made their renunciation, they receive notes informing them that henceforth they are alone in the world. Curtain. This, no doubt, subtle, but also, I venture to think, logical solution is not that which Mr. Stayton adopts. His own seems to me far inferior, because it entails an entire change of emotional key. In the last two acts he drops irony for the rawest sentimentality. The *deus ex machina* is Mr. Brandram's daughter. The lovers agree to fly together, and make an appointment for Charing Cross. But they have not reckoned with Lilian Brandram. The proper place of this young lady in the drama is to heighten the irony by sending the young man to whom she becomes engaged off to India with the happiest anticipations of a joyful meeting in fourteen years' time.

What she actually does is to divine her father's intentions and to bring him back by her tears and entreaties into the paths of domestic rectitude. "Does my love, then, count for nothing?" is the cry which determines Mr. Brandram, after all, not to go to Charing Cross. I was perhaps a little hasty in saying that Mr. Stayton had wholly dropped irony; for he recurs to it, somewhat fitfully and when it has really ceased to be in keeping, at the extreme end of the play. For Mrs. Willoughby also failed to go to Charing Cross. Only in her case the abstention was due, not, as it should have been, to some sentimental obstacle parallel to that which deterred Mr. Brandram, but only to the sudden and very sensible conviction that the romantic step she contemplated was wholly incompatible with the prosaic associations of the booking office. So she stayed in the jerry-built flat at West Kensington, and you hear her playing the piano through the party-wall.

I am a little curious to know whether Mr. Stayton saw the proper ending to his play and funk'd it. It is not difficult to understand how this ought to be. The British public distrusts irony and is uncomfortable in its presence. And although London is big enough to provide an audience for a thoughtful play, it is one which is too apt to claim from the dramatist a finished and philosophic theory of life, and to rebel against the desire to offer no more than a detached and undidactic observation of one of its many fragments. And no doubt irony is not the ultimate word. But if a man is not content at Twenty-Four to disregard the reception which his ideas may meet with, and to concentrate all his attention upon expressing them, he is not, I fear, likely to attain to the more gracious state at Thirty-Four, or at any other age. In any case Mr. Stayton will, I suppose, learn something about technique some day. At present he gets people on and off the stage with extreme *naïveté*. On one occasion, when Mrs. Brandram's absence is desirable, she quits her guests in order to argue with her cook whether a bottle of cooking sherry has or has not lasted the proper time. I do not believe that they do these things even in West Kensington. And is it not rather audacious of Mrs. Brandram to remove Mr. Brandram's pet small Villar-y-Villars from his writing table in order to replace them by large cigars with red and gold bands of her own purchasing at 14s. 6d. the hundred! Those cigars belong to Mr. Barrie; and I think I have pointed out before that Mr. Barrie requires all the jokes in all his books for his own plays.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

A Little Offence and Some Pleasure.

WITH the desire to be courteous to painters, and loyal to readers, what system should the peripatetic critic adopt with such a collection of pictures as the one hundred and eighteenth exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists? It is "the mixture as before," a jumble of all schools, methods, and subjects. No sane person could possibly like everything on the walls, but a person like myself on whom, for some inexplicable reason, picture-seeing never palls, is able to stand for a few minutes before each picture on the walls in Suffolk Street and thoroughly enjoy the minutes' task. Even a very bad picture can touch the imagination or provoke the comforting smile. Two minutes before a bad picture will often give one more pleasure than two hours at a party. This is an advantageous faculty for the art critic to possess. In one room at this exhibition I encountered the worst picture (I think) I have ever seen, and in the same room

I saw the most attractive modern landscape that has met my eager eyes for months. The worst picture (it shall be nameless) illustrated a very popular poem by a very popular writer : the landscape was Mr. Footet's "Shepherdess."

To return to the question : which is the best system of criticism to adopt with such a medley of endearments and jars ? Painters would like six lines apiece of generous appreciation, but experience has shown that such a catalogue is intolerably dull to the reader. What the reader likes, no critic, born of woman, knows. So the critic falls back upon the old selfishness of pleasing himself, in the unsure and uncertain hope that in doing so he may please a few others. He determines to write about what he likes ; what makes for awhile a little window in his life ; what has touched him ; what remains his secret as he walks away through the distracting streets ; what returns to him at odd moments in Turkish baths, in church, or in a foursome with all even at the last hole, and his turn to drive. He may be quite wrong in his judgment and taste ; his scientific-critic brother may give him but two fingers when they meet ; the unsought opinion of a serious child may prick his conscience dreadfully ; but if he has learned something of the business of writing, and has kept his enthusiasms, it is odds that in writing about what he likes he may please one-third of his readers. To offend only two-thirds is really something of a triumph.

To return to the question. Even when the critic has decided to write only about what he likes, his reverence for authority still delays his hand. Can he prattle of the doings of a Society of Artists and say nothing about the President, the honorary members with distinguished names who have lent pictures, and the veterans who have won their spurs—and never buy a new pair, and never touch the steed in a new spot. What can I say about Sir Wyke Bayliss ? Has he ever painted anything but the interiors of cathedrals ? I believe in the remote past I wrote about one of his interiors at length. In this exhibition there are two more. Mr. Watts sends a graceful (how the epithet runs to the nib) portrait of a girl, and Mr. Holman Hunt a characteristic (again the epithet) watercolour. To turn to a new member. Mrs. Merritt's religious picture seems to me to be everything that a religious picture should not be. It is ugly in composition, unimaginative, and dull in colour. This picture with the figure of Christ appearing in a harvest field, and offering "The Helping Hand" (the title) to a labourer just aroused, while his wife and child still slumber, is quite destitute of any sincere religious feeling : the artist certainly had no artistic motive in painting it. Yet the work is hung in the most conspicuous place in the gallery. But it is a thankless task for a critic to state his antipathies. Let me succumb to the pleasanter business of noting what gave me pleasure. I liked Mr. Cayley Robinson's "Twilight." He is the most mannered painter I know, but his mannerism is beautiful. Strange ! He is one of those uncatalogued beings whose sense of beauty is intermittent. The surfaces of the wall, the baby enveloped in a blanket twice its length and trailing on the floor, the mother, the little window behind, the glimpse of birds and roofs, the lighting—these passages are beautiful. But the woman squatting like an Indian squaw on the floor, with her knees wide apart, is ugly. I returned again and again to derive fresh pleasure from this picture, and each time I was compelled to blot out, with the palm of my hand, the figure of the squatting woman. I liked the massed colours of Mr. Fergusson's "Well in Morocco" ; the space in Mr. Spenlove-Spenlove's "When Skies are Blue" ; the cloud-lands in Mr. Lewis Fry's "Stacking Hay" : things are happening in that sky ; the dexterity of Mr. Charles Orchardson's "Marooned," and the watery feeling of Mr. Lenfestey's "Solitude."

But it was Mr. Fred F. Footet who won my allegiance. Not immediately, and not for all his pictures. In March of this year, writing about the spring exhibition of this

Society, I spoke of resting "a bewildered eye on the blue and purple mist that envelopes Mr. Footet's blue and purple Westminster Abbey." Blue and purple he is still, and his "Evening : Hammersmith Mall," has that unsubstantiality, indefiniteness, and artistic theatricality that set me against his Westminster Abbey. Those pictures, with excellent intentions, did not "come off" : his "Shepherdess" has come off royally. It hangs at the end of one of the smaller rooms, and in the early part of the afternoon, while I was busy with other canvases, through the vista I caught a glimpse of the blue Shepherdess again and again, and each time I wondered, sub-consciously, if I should like its newness, its unconventionality, its very personal vision. When I came to look at it leisurely the answer was triumphantly affirmative. This landscape is in the large manner of the Barbizon giants. Blue and purple it is certainly, but the colour scheme is so coherent, so harmonious, that it falls upon the sensibilities with the effortless manner of running water heard at night time on a Scotch hill-side. A flock of sheep graze in the foreground : there is individual drawing in them, but no niggling. They remain one of the dim masses of the picture, and this mass of animals is balanced by the great luminous cloud, lighted from within as it should be, the lightest part of the picture, as it should be, poised in the morning sky. Contiguous to the flock is the shepherdess, one with them as the sheep are one with the grass. The purple of her gown mingles with the purple of the clump of trees under which she stands, and the streaks of purple that run through the meadow. It is a picture of morning, that witching hour

When dusk shrunk cold, and light trod shy,
And dawn's grey eyes were troubled grey.

A beautiful picture. Can I give it additional praise ? Only this—that if I had been Mr. Max Pemberton I should have bought it.

This silent Shepherdess, in her dim b'ee landscape, remained with me as I walked up the hill to the Royal Institute where the members are showing a collection of studies and sketches. Each man's work is grouped together, the proper way, which Paris and Munich adopted years ago. Few of the drawings however have the frank, impulsive gaiety of sketches : most are finished pictures. Here again I saw one sketch I liked very much, which I should also have bought if any money remained over after the Shepherdess purchase. It was Mr. Claude Shepperson's "Waiting."

BUSINESS DONE : Pleasure given to Mr. Footet and Mr. Shepperson.

C. L. H.

Science.

The Antiquity of Science.

THAT the scientific and mystical methods of seeking for truth are diametrically opposed, will be conceded by most, and is every day evidenced by the rage which seizes upon mystics when confronted with knowledge based upon ascertained fact. But when did man first abandon mysticism, which is, as I have before suggested in these columns, the primitive resource of the human intellect, and attempt to seek out the causes of things by the use of his eyes and his reason ? In one sense, it may be said that he did so soon after his appearance upon earth ; for Prof. Albert Réville and others have pointed out that no race has been found so primitive as not to have some acquaintance with magic or the attempt to compel instead of propitiating the spiritual world, and the primitive magician is driven by the force of circumstances into the observation of Nature, and thus becomes, whether he

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likes it or not, the scientist as well as the artist and historian of his tribe. But, apart from this, is it possible to fix even approximately any date at which it can be said that "the careful and accurate classification of facts and observation of their correlation and sequence" was first practised?

The answer to this question is very curious, and takes us again into the history of that part of Western Asia where, as has been said several times in the ACADEMY, it is probable that civilised man first made his appearance. The Mongoloid race who dwelt in the eighth millennium before our era in the delta formed by the Tigris and the Euphrates at the head of the Persian Gulf, must have very early found the need of something like astronomy. Being an agricultural people—as was natural in a land where the wheat-plant grows wild—it was necessary for them to keep an accurate account of the sequence and recurrence of the different seasons and of the meteorological phenomena attending upon them. But the only way in which this could be done with the instruments then at their disposal, was by taking note of the disposition and movements of the heavenly bodies, and this they did with a patience and a regularity that is to us fairly surprising. In a series of cuneiform tablets now in the British Museum, almost every ordinary configuration of the stars and planets is shown to have occurred at some particular period of Babylonian history, and these records, as Prof. Sayce and others have shown, refer to a time as far distant as the coming of the Semites into Babylonia, or, in other words, to something like 4,000 B.C. Even after the Semitic nomads had, in part, supplanted the Sumerian or Mongoloid inhabitants of the land, these observations continued to be taken and recorded with the same regularity as before, and it is not to be wondered at that they were regarded in classical times as the only trustworthy time-keepers of the ancient world. When the brilliant Greek mathematician, Hipparchus of Bithynia, founded the modern science of astronomy in the second century before Christ, he could find nothing better to go upon than what he calls the "Chaldean" observations.

How far, however, do these observations go back? Those quoted in detail by Hipparchus begin about 700 B.C., because a period of 500 years was sufficient for his demonstrations, and with a truly Greek perception of what was useful to him, he preferred to take those which Alexander had sent home from Babylon. In later and perhaps more credulous times than his, there were some very wild stories current as to the extreme antiquity of the "Chaldaean" or Babylonian observations; and Diodorus, Cicero, and Pliny talk about their covering a period of 470,000 years. This may safely be dismissed as exaggeration, for Hipparchus himself reduces this fabulous period by two thousand centuries, and tells us that the Chaldaean observations began 270,000 years before the coming of Alexander into Asia. As he was both a sceptic, in the best sense of the word, and a man whose studies involved great attention to accuracy of statement and a capacity for examining evidence, this statement cannot be dismissed so summarily as that of his successors. But in the first place, we must try to ascertain what he means by a "year." The Sumerians, like other primitive peoples, paid more regard to the moon as a measurer of time than they did to the sun, and it is significant that in their religious system, which was closely connected with their calendar, it is the moon which is said to have been fixed at the beginning "to mark off the days." It was not until the Semites had been for some time in the country that the sun was given an important place in the pantheon, and it is even possible that they recognised, as Prof. Jastrow has suggested, the part played by the moon in regulating the tides, which must have been of great importance in a land artificially irrigated. But the moon returns to its apparent place in the heavens in twenty-eight days, instead of as

does the sun in twelve months. Hence it is probable that their idea of a year was a lunar and not a solar one, and that by it they really meant what we call a month. If this be so, Hipparchus' figure can be divided by thirteen, and we find that the date to which the Babylonian observations reach back can be put at twenty millenia before Alexander's conquest.

Is there, now, anything antecedently absurd in this last figure? For observations to be recorded it is of course necessary that some well-devised and easily understood means of record should be in use, and this implies an acquaintance with the art of writing. Some years ago, the idea that the history of writing went back to anything like the fifth millennium before Christ would have been flouted by everybody, and, as a fact, the latest excavations in Egypt show that it was only introduced there by the Asiatic invaders whose coming may perhaps be put at 5000 B.C. But the last Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania to Babylonia absolutely dug up and carried away to America cuneiform tablets said by the Assyriologist to the Expedition to have been written not later than 8,000 B.C. And all archæologists are agreed that the cuneiform characters themselves developed from a hieroglyphic or pictorial system of writing which must have taken thousands of years for its own development. Of these primitive hieroglyphics there is, comparatively speaking, none but the merest trace left in even the oldest cuneiform writings. But if we allow ten thousand years as the period of this primitive hieroglyphic system, we shall be placing no excessive strain upon the known facts of the case. If we add this to the eight thousand years before Christ to which we know the cuneiform writing can be traced, and to the twenty odd centuries that have elapsed since the days of Hipparchus, we have a minimum of twenty thousand years during which written records of astronomical facts would, at the least, have been possible.

It may, of course, be said that even if these records had been preserved, the changes which come upon all languages with time would have made it impossible to read them. This is undoubtedly a valid objection, and there can be little doubt that the law of phonetic decay would so alter any language in a much shorter time than that above suggested that it would in the ordinary course have been as impossible for a Chaldaean of Hipparchus' time to have understood his records as it would be for us to hold converse in the speech of our woad-clad ancestors. But, in the first place, Hipparchus does not say that the oldest Chaldaean observations were read, but only that they were recorded. And then, we know that the Babylonians were so conservative of the traditions of their predecessors, that when, in the second millennium B.C., the ancient Sumerian speech died out for ordinary purposes, they added to such of the Sumerian tablets as they wished to preserve an interlinear translation in the Semitic dialect then in current use, and many of these bilingual copies are now in our museums. There is therefore no reason—or rather there is every probability—that in doing this they were following a custom already established by their ancestors, and that the pictorial hieroglyphs of ancient times had already received translation into cuneiform at least ten thousand years before our era. On the whole, therefore, no one would have any right to be astounded did some lucky excavation put into our hands a tablet containing the translation into cuneiform of an astronomical observation taken even so far back as the extremest period mentioned by the father of modern astronomy. As it is, this earliest of the sciences can boast a pedigree indeterminate indeed, but of a far greater antiquity than that to which any current mystical theory can lay claim.

F. LEGGE.

Correspondence.

"The Pretended Science of Astrology."

SIR.—Mr. Legge is always interesting, but his article on astrology should not be taken as a correct interpretation of our astrology to-day. I venture to think that Scott's phrase was aimed not at astrology, but at its professors. The same imputation could justly be cast at some of its professors to-day, who simply "get up the subject," and with very bad success. Prof. Follett, in his *Astrology, Fortune Teller*, published by C. Arthur Pearson, says: "The days about the 21st March are of fairly equal length, and as Aries is the sign which is then on the horizon, it is called the first sign of the Zodiac." This professor tells his readers that about the 25th of March Aries is always ascending in the East, and as the Sun is in that sign, that luminary is always rising!

Astrology suffers from a plague of ignorant professors, who are entirely ignorant of the subject. Those who really understand astrology are doing that which Mr. Legge accuses them of neglecting, viz., as each sign and degree ascends, we cast the horoscope and note the difference of physical constitution. I think Mr. Legge has not examined recently published text-books upon astrology, or he would know that the planets Uranus and Neptune have been found to be of evil mien. It is true that all the calculations are made from the Earth's position; but the calculations are mathematically correct. The astrologer is not concerned with heliocentric positions; he has to transpose the positions of the planets from the heliocentric to the geocentric, not because he disputes the obvious scientific fact, that the Sun is the centre of the Solar System, but because he finds the influence comes from the positions they occupy geocentrically and not *via* the Sun. Mr. Legge is quite correct in saying that the astrology in what is called Ptolemy's *Tetrabiblos*, cannot be proved to be the work of that author; the astrology in that work doubtless came from Chaldean and Egyptian sources. Proclus merely reproduced and extended the *Tetrabiblos*. The statement of Sextus Empiricus and other writers, that "astrologers made no attempt to ascertain accurately the state of the heavens at birth," is refuted by the horoscopes for the first century after Christ, to be found on papyri at the British Museum. For instance, one horoscope, by an Egyptian astrologer, is said to be nearly right for the latitude of Nineveh; which looks as if the Egyptian astrologer had used Chaldean tables of houses, without allowing for the slight difference of oblique ascension occasioned by the difference of latitude of Nineveh and the Egyptian city.—Yours, &c.,

GEO. WILDE.

[Mr. Wilde is mistaken in supposing that Sextus Empiricus accuses the astrologers of his time of making no attempt to ascertain the state of the heavens at the moment of birth. On the contrary, he represents the astrologer as sitting on the nearest hill-top gazing at the sky, and waiting for the exact moment to be signalled to him from below by the striking of a gong. But as this method could only be effective at night, the ancient astrologers probably made use of tables or almanacks, and this appears plainly not only in the horoscopes of the Greek Papyri mentioned by Mr. Wilde, but also in the pre-Christian horoscopes of the cuneiform tablets, one of which I have given elsewhere in facsimile and translation for the edification of the general public. It may also be noticed that these Chaldaean and Greek horoscopes are alike inaccurately calculated, errors of two or three degrees being common in them. The pseudo-Ptolemy does, indeed, argue that all processes of observation are untrustworthy, and recommends instead that the ascending sign only should be taken from the tables, the particular degree of it being ascertained by a sort of chance-medley.

But the question is not how the ancients cast their horoscopes, but how the moderns interpret theirs. I look at *Natal Astrology*, a book published in 1894, of which Mr. Wilde was part author, and I find the division of the planets into hostile and friendly, the favourable and unfavourable "aspects," and the significance of the different "houses" set out in exact correspondence with the method of the *Tetrabiblos*. In particular, I find it laid down that "a man at whose birth Mars was much in evidence . . . will periodically be impulsive, irritable, and liable to injure his fellows," and that "a man at whose birth Mars and Venus were to the fore and in cross-rays to each other, is invariably of amatory disposition." Is it not plain that such a method has no more substantial foundation than the heathen mythology and a mystical theory of numbers?—F. LEGGE.]

A Challenge.

SIR.—I see in your current issue, under the head of Science, an attempted exposure of astrology, from the pen of Mr. F. Legge, and I beg leave, with your kind permission, to offer your contributor the following challenge.

If he will furnish me with the necessary data, viz., the date of birth—as close to the actual hour as possible—and the place of birth, I will endeavour to prove to him that the science of astrology is a true science, and I trust that we shall meet each other on the common scientific ground that "Great is Truth and it will prevail."

If Mr. Legge accepts my challenge I leave it to be decided between him and you whether my statements are published in your magazine or made direct to Mr. Legge. I enclose my private address, which is not for publication.—I am, &c.,

A. B.

[No, thank you!—EDITOR.]

A Eulogy and a Dream.

SIR.—I had been reading Mr. Harmsworth's eulogy of the automobile. Then I refreshed myself with Coleridge's *Miscellaneous Poems*. That night I dreamed that I was doing so still, and that I came to these lines:—

The Devil saw a motor-car.
Quoth he: "By all eternal!
Throughout my regions broad and far
There's nothing so infernal."
He saw Prince George with a fearful jar
Get split. "No matter for that,"
Said the Devil, "his fall from an autocar
Won't make him an autocrat."

Hampstead.

—I am, yours, &c.,

A. W.

A Plea for Cheery Books.

SIR.—May I suggest, as a subject for one of your competitions—or better still, for your own treatment—a list of the best books tending to give a bright, cheerful, hopeful, optimistic view of life and its possibilities? The suggestion is the result of reading a little American book, entitled *In Tune with the Infinite*, which contains, together with much that is fanciful, a sorely needed call to live in sympathy with the good, and beautiful, and eternal.—Yours, &c.,

T. PENNY.

25 October, 1902.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 161 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best four-line aphorism in verse on some phase of the Education Bill. We award the prize to Mr. D. J. Rider, 3, St. James' Road, Bermondsey, S.E., for the following:—

With Church against Chapel,
And Chapel against Church,
Christ and the Children
Are left in the lurch.

The following is a selection from other replies received:—

The theologian's speech is loud and wild,
And Nonconformists angrily urge fight
Throughout long hours of legislation's night—
O Lord, have mercy on the little child.
[O. G., Hammersmith.]

Religious light—dim, outworn, overdone,
Mysterious—stops the way: that way let's clear.
So, when we have at last put out the sun,
Our final book on optics shall appear.
[T. C., Buxted, Sussex.]

Teach us to feel, think, work, and play,
To handle, to observe, to will;
And you may drop, amend or pass
Your so-called Education Bill.
[J. E. S., Nottingham.]

The fray beats on; the disputants wax bolder;
By issues ever fresh the listeners wait beguiled;
Beyond the ring, past even the chance beholder,
Remote, unmoved are seen the Parent and the Child.
[S. C., Brighton.]

"The Bill is good" said one; "Nay, very bad:"
They argued long, Conservative and Rad,
Split hairs and dogmatized till both were wild
And thought of everything—except the Child.
[P. C. F., Cambridge.]

A Bill that wrests from Nonconformist hands
Those rights and powers that never yet were theirs,
And to the tyrant Parson grants benign
A remnant of what has been his for years.
[Miss W., Larkfield, Kent.]

A thousand wrongs an hundred sects make clear;
Alarums and excursions rack the nation;
Some for their souls, more for their pockets fear;
And everything's discussed save education.
[A. R. B., Malvern.]

Who pays the piper calls the tune
Of old was recognised as fair,
Now public pays, and children dance,
The while the parson sets the air.
[M. I. E., Lampeter.]

The priest, tis true, has shown his skill,
In many matters burning;
Withal we need a cooler air
For growing humans' learning.
[A. B., Sheffield.]

While wordy zealots fight on either hand
Around the carcase of a Bill,
Our rivals' youth is trained to take its stand
On Science, Art, and Skill.
[A. E. C., Addiscombe.]

The Primate says: "The Nonconformist goose
Smells badly like a case of over-roast":
But Doctors Clifford, Parker, Hugh Price Hughes
Cry: "Bo! the Bill is yours we've got on 'toast.'"
[X., Deanery, Ely.]

A misty mass of nothingness
Is all that can be found
In British Weekly fury
And Welsh diurnal sound.

[W. M., Elgin.]

Party pride, religious hate,
Quite obscure the children's fate,
Warring factions stir the nation—
Alas! who thinks of education.
[B. D., Chelsea, S.W.]

Self-control and restraint being their least salient feature,
Nonconformist and Churchmen make wrangle and noise—
As to who shall control and select the school-teacher—
What odds! so the teacher controls but the boys!
[A. B., West Bromwich.]

The rival temple-bells with angry chime
Afron the skies;
But o'er the misty hubbub, shine sublime
Urania's eyes.
[R. F. Mc.C., Whitby.]

To know—to rightly act—to think:
These the high aims of Education,
Zealous, not jealous—lest it sink
Into a fight for Domination.
[W. S. Burton, Blackheath.]

Competition No. 162 (New Series).

IN view of the fact that we shall add a special Fiction Supplement to our issue of November 8, we ask our readers to send in the titles of the twelve novels published this year which they consider to be the best. To the sender of the list which most nearly answers to the general opinion, as determined by a plébiscite, we shall give a prize of One Guinea.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.", must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 29 October, 1902. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

SPECIAL COMPETITION.

We offer a prize of Two Guineas for the best Tale suitable for *Reading Aloud To a Child*. The successful Tale will be published in our Christmas number on December 6th. The Tales, which must not exceed 1,200 words in length, must reach this office on or before Friday, November 14th, marked outside "Special Competition." No manuscript will be returned to the author unless it be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. The name and address of the writer should be written on the back of the last page of the manuscript. Each story must be accompanied by Four Special Competition Coupons cut from the issues of THE ACADEMY for October 18th, 25th, November 1st, and November 8th. If the stories are found to be of sufficient merit, it is proposed, with the consent of the authors, to publish a selection of them in a volume.

T. FISHER UNWIN.

"LOVE AND THE SOUL HUNTERS"

By JOHN OLIVER HOBBES.

SECOND LARGE IMPRESSION IN PREPARATION.

The Times says:—No one but knows to his cost the difference between the lady next door who thumps "Dolly Gray" and, say, Paderewski playing Schubert. For all her muscular exertion the lady next door will never succeed in producing even the mere body of sound which comes without apparent effort from the musician; while of the soul of music, the deep that calls to deep from all good art to receptive minds, there is more in the least touch of the one than in all the pedalled *fortissimos* of the other. From the crowd of modern performers thumping their Dolly Grays it is delightful to turn to a fine work so well played as "Love and the Soul Hunters." Here is the touch of the artist, nervous, brilliant, at once delicate and strong, and never more under restraint than in the loudest passages. For Mrs. Craigie can play *fortissimo* when the time comes. The emotional force that lies beneath her apparently easy brilliance has never, perhaps, been fully recognized; partly, it may be, because, as it seems to us, none of her former books has contained so direct an appeal to the emotions as her latest. Characters with all the complexity of the men and women we know, people ruled rather by the head than the heart or distracted by civil war between the two, she has drawn before and, needless to say, with skill; never wasting her strength in misguided efforts to explain them, but so letting them explain and develop themselves that, for all their complexity, we know them through and through. A new example of what might be called her usual subject is Prince Paul of Urseville-Baylestein, the "sentimental soul-hunter." Mrs. Craigie's wit illuminates him till his vacillation, his prejudices at war with his impulses and his impulses at war with each other, are as plain as daylight, and the whole man remains a consistent, intelligible, and not unlovable being; but the book contains also, in the person of Dr. Felshammer, a type new to the author, a study in violence. This man of turbulent passions, direct, raw, all but brutal, was something of an experiment; and the result is triumphantly successful. His writhings under mental torture are terrible and acutely realized; but never for a moment is any brutality of style, any thumping or shrieking, allowed to pass the bounds. The pitch was often at the outset and is maintained throughout; and any one in search of examples of what force can owe to restraint might do worse than turn to the two occasions when Dr. Felshammer proposes (how could he help it?) to Clementine Gloucester, and is refused.

"It is hopeless," said the girl firmly, "and, if I were dead, it could not be more hopeless."

"You said something of the kind once before," replied Felshammer, "but our wills seem well matched. You call out the best in my soul and the worst in my temper. You are pale and your hands are cold. I can't bear to see you look sad."

Taken in connexion with the whole scene and with the characters of the man and the woman, the words we have put in italics are of an extreme poignancy. It is in giving great significance to simple words and phrases that Mrs. Craigie excels. In reading her dialogue we are reminded again of a musician at the piano. All seems easy, natural, inevitable. Remark follows remark, as note follows note, as if no other could by any possibility have been struck; and it needs reflexion to realise the skill required, if not to strike precisely that note out of all on the instrument, at any rate to strike it in precisely the right way. Take as an instance the admirably managed scene in which Clementine, deeply in love with Prince Paul, declines his kind offer of a morganatic marriage. We feel her heart is breaking, but she never raises her voice or uses a single phrase which she might not have used in ordinary conversation. Throughout, indeed, there are no fireworks, no talking for effect; but every speech lives and glows. The talk is so natural that a careless reader might well overlook its subtlety and wit. Every word is in its place, with its right relation, not only to the particular moment of its utterance, but to every other word in the book and to the whole past and future of those who speak and hear. This it is which makes a book a living whole, work of art, self-existent and self-complete; which repays sustained care and patient effort, not after *purpure pannus* or preciosity, but after those all-important things—trivial enough in the eyes of the many—the right word and the right key. In conclusion we have one little bone to pick. Why need so quick a wit have stooped on three several occasions to explain its own point?

"Our hearts will break in silence," said the ex-Queen, "and we may be forgotten before our epitaphs can be engraved." She paused and added, "Come, my poor child, with me to Biarritz!"

"The Princess smiled even through her grief at this absurd anti-climax." The anti-climax gives us Queen Charlotte in a flash; it was too good to need underlining.

The New York Sun says:—Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) introduces the hero of her new novel, "The Soul Hunters" (Funk & Wagnalls), in a passage which is probably more characteristic than anything else she has ever written:

"Prince Paul of Urseville-Baylestein had ordered the shutters closed of every room in his vast *hôtel* in the Avenue Kléber, taken to his bed, turned his face to the wall. One of his beautiful friends was dead. Three months before she had been dancing in a cotillion; he could see her still, dressed as La Belle Simonetta, partner to himself, made up, inappropriately enough, as young Rafael. It had been such a happy idea, and all his own—this *réve* in honor of the old masters. And now she was dead of typhoid fever, aged eighteen years and two days. Her tomb should be

covered in lilies each day of the month for ever. He would build a marble pavilion to her memory—a pavilion where music should be perpetually played. She had been so gay; always smiling, blushing, singing or trifling, with light fingers, at the piano. She had been so very fair, so very fresh, so very helpless, so very pretty!

"Poor little child! Poor little girl! Poor little child!" he repeated again and again, as he lay sick from grief, with her miniature (no likeness) set in brilliants almost crushed in his hand. "Poor little girl! I was so fond of her! No one was half so good or so amusing."

The members of the Prince's household were glad that he took this his first great loss so hard. They realised that it showed him to be possessed of a heart, that he could be touched. But the leopard could not change his spots. A few days later he had forgotten his determination to change the orange covered hangings of his room to purple. Sensation came back to him. All that was dreary in thought fled away, and death itself, remembered in the sunlight, seemed but a calmer development of the joy of life.

It is then that the Prince, a soul hunter from the time he grew up, gets on the track of superior game. He had met, as a school boy, Clementine Gloucester, the daughter of a mild-mannered English gentleman, who enjoyed his own stupidity, thinking it a mark of good breeding. At this second meeting the girl showed composure: "the kind which is magnetic, is the sign of complete sanity—a heart at peace and a physical organization without weakness." The renewal of her acquaintance with the Prince is fatal. When she went to her room "she locked her door and sat at her window, looking at the sky and meeting, in fancy, Paul's eyes again and again."

Clementine's mother was an American, who was supposed to have died soon after her child's birth. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Gloucester, a brilliantly sketched figure, had deserted her husband, had gone on the stage, had kept her fine shape but had failed to keep her reputation.

At the opening of the story she is the mistress of an American capitalist. And so dull is her maternal instinct that she is able to meet her beautiful daughter without showing any sign of affection or nervousness.

On the one hand is the Prince whom the girl loves, though she knows that he has been the hero of many adventures. On the other is Dr. Felshammer, the Prince's secretary, a forceful man of genius, who determines to make her his wife. It is after he has saved her family from ruin that Felshammer proposes. She refuses him and stands silent.

"At last she could bear the strain no longer.

"Dr. Felshammer," she said, "I am frightened. Your thoughts are angry and cruel and bitter. I feel them all around me like knives in the air. I have done nothing to deserve this."

"No," he said, wheeling round, "but I have been a fool—a blundering fool! The moment a man is in earnest he had better cut his throat than talk to a woman. Yet you are a good girl. I am sorry if I frightened you. I will send you some chocolates. That is the thing to offer—a box of chocolates. Never love, never your whole life. Poor little pretty child!"

The secretary thinks that the Prince's intentions toward the girl are dishonourable. Though rejected, he tries to save her. It is this effort that produces the climax of the story, which remains a riddle to the last chapter.

Here are a few of Mrs. Craigie's latest smart things:

"Lucile is the kind of woman who will always deceive men. They respond to hypocrisy as reptiles do to music and they love paint. They think it means a heart."

"Timid and trusty natures once deceived invariably become more suspicious than the sceptical. One unkin'd doctor will make them detest the whole medical profession, and a single encounter with some dishonest person will drive them to a really vindictive misanthropy."

"I will ask him his opinion of Napoleon and Bismarck—there is no quicker way of fixing a man's intellectual pitch."

"I want to ask every woman who is mean to me and thinks herself winning it all along the lines: 'Tell me this—does your husband know you as well as the Devil knows you? Would he love you just the same if he did?' Answer me that."

"One hears that religion once was able to invest even hypocrisy with a kind of grandeur. Hypocrisy, however, is slowly dying out, and the candour of modern souls would be sublime if the souls themselves were not, for the greater part, squallid."

"He has charm, he has grace, he has youth, he has all the glamour of a romantic, almost tragic destiny; but he is a libertine. Oh, not the swashbuckler, the villain of novels, the Lovelace; he is a sentimental soul-hunter, a specialist in souls. He believes that he is in earnest, whereas he is as fickle as women are supposed to be and are not."

"These practical hard-headed Americans are greatly attracted always by the feminine soul and mind. They like to know what women think, how they feel; they are inspired by their ideas; but in England, if you speak of a woman's soul to a man, he supposes you must be either mad or affected. In fact, the soul is a thing which I never discuss with an Englishman."

This story in general cleverness, in characterization, and in grasp, is easily the best thing that Mrs. Craigie has done.

T. FISHER UNWIN, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

25 October, 1902.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Hort (The late Fenton John Anthony) and Mayor (Joseph B.), Clement of Alexandria Miscellanies Book VII.....(Macmillan) net	15/0
Aquinas (Saint Thomas), The Religious State.....(Sands)	3/6
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Dobson (Austin) and Armstrong (Sir Walter), William Hogarth	
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PERIODICALS.

Quarterly Review, Artist, Mind, Royal, Manchester Quarterly, Revue de Paris, Review of Reviews, North American Review, Pall Mall, Ainslee's, Photo-Miniature.

Mrs. Craigie will read a paper on November 4 before the Philosophical Institution at Edinburgh, and also at the Birmingham University on November 6. The subject will be "The Artist's Life: Balzac, Brahms, and Turner."

Mr. Edward Gosse will contribute a study of the writings of the late Philip James Bailey to the November number of the *Fortnightly Review*.

Mrs. John Lane, author of "American Wives and English Housekeeping," which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, has written a book called *Kitwyk*, in which she chronicles the doings of a small Dutch village, with its petty jealousies, aspirations, and unconscious humours.

"Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness," is the motto Mrs. Mux Muller has chosen from Carlyle for the *Life and Letters* of her husband, which Messrs. Longman will publish.

An "Index and Epitome" of the *Dictionary of National Biography* is being prepared. Every article in the larger work will be represented in the smaller. The length of the epitomised articles will be about one-twelfth of the original ones.

Mr. Murray announces a further series of letters by Darwin under the title *More Letters of Charles Darwin*. His son, Mr. Francis Darwin, and Mr. A. C. Seward have edited the letters.

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